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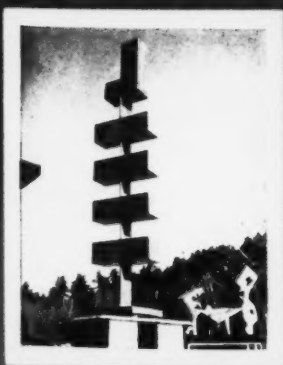
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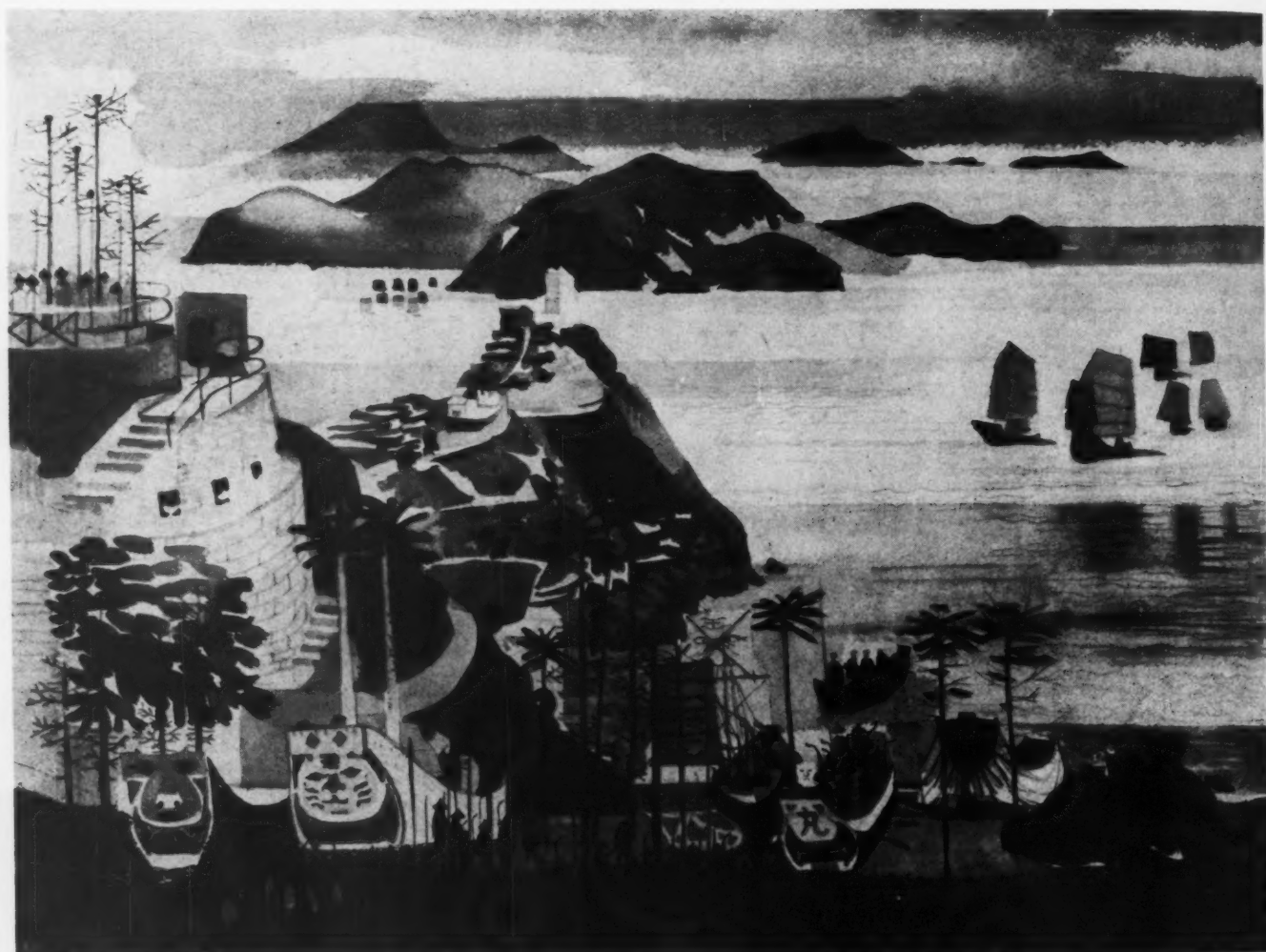
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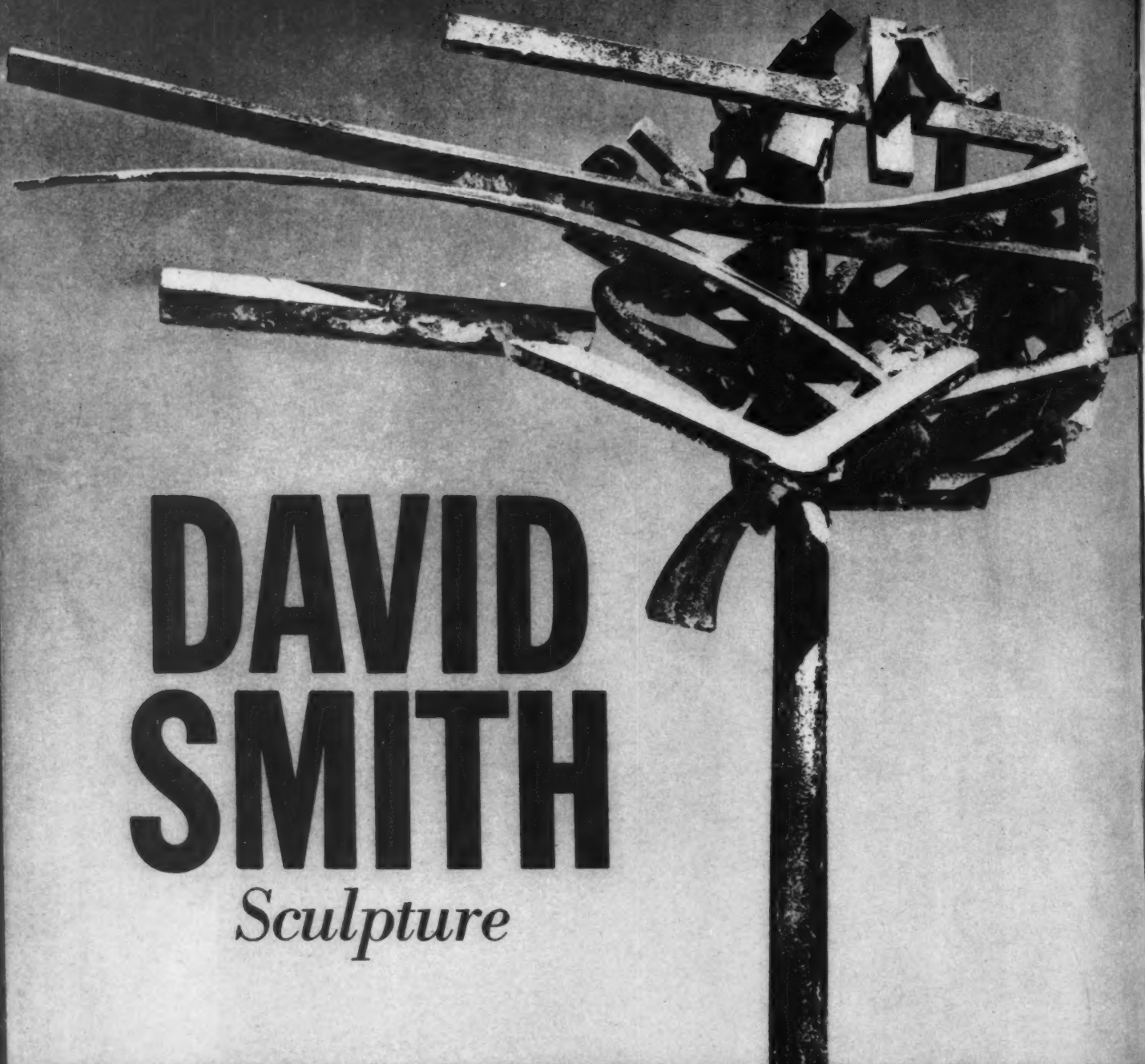
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# ARTS

February 1960/Vol. 34, No. 5

## Special Number: David Smith

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# LETTERS

## Interview with Hannah Höch

To the Editor:

It is gratifying, and not only for her old friends, to see an article [December] published with such care about the courageous Hannah Höch. She deserves it—artistically and as a human being.

But just because so much care has been taken, so many details given of the time in which she grew up, the hole which makes this "collage" imperfect becomes even more evident. Where, where indeed, did Richard Huelsenbeck disappear in this well-meaning survey about the Berlin-Dada? R. H., without whom probably no Berlin-Dada ever would have existed? HE, Richard, Urdada, had imported the Dada bacillus from Zurich to Berlin, already in 1916. But, though nearly every Original-Dada with whom Hannah ever came in contact has been mentioned with some laurels, the great Richard has vanished into thin air. And still he has—as all the other Dada prominents—contributed to the growth of Hannah's artistic and intellectual development—though of course not as much as the master Raoul Hausmann.

Art history is so full of "stories," of errors, mistakes and falsifications, made finally authentic by repetition, that I think it would be useful to fill the hole in Roditi's article with the above statements.

HANS RICHTER  
Ronco s/Ascona  
Switzerland

To the Editor:

I read with great interest Mr. Roditi's interview with Hannah Höch in your December edition—with great interest and with great pleasure, especially for the fact that Rudolf Levy was mentioned and for the way he was mentioned. I only wish he would get as much recognition as he deserves. I think the interview was very well written, brought many interesting facts to the reader's attention. But it surprised me very much that Mr. Roditi neglected even to mention Richard Huelsenbeck, who not only—as is commonly known—was one of the cofounders of Dada in Zurich in 1916, but also was the one to bring Dada to Berlin...

F. G. KUTTNER  
New York City

## The New Guggenheim Museum

To the Editor:

On a recent brief trip to New York I visited the new Guggenheim Museum three times. Not only was I impressed by the exhibit, but it is the first time I have been able to view the large canvases of abstract art at their best advantage. The paintings may be studied both from the usual viewing distance and from across the court, the latter, distant, view bringing out the composition in a manner I have never seen before.

As the unofficial organ of academic abstractionism, you should, quite properly, take a conservative view of new developments. It seems to me, however, that your violent criticism of the Guggenheim is not in the interest of abstract art, for which the old type of museums often do not have proper facilities. If you have visited the intolerably cramped exhibition of contemporary abstractions on the third floor of the Modern Museum, you must realize how important for abstract art is experimentation, not only in art but in methods of display. The Guggenheim should, at least, be commended for breaking ground in this field of experimentation.

BENGT HAMILTON  
Chicago, Illinois



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# AUCTIONS

## Rembrandt's "Lost" Juno To Be Auctioned at Christie's

CHRISTIE'S of London has announced the forthcoming sale of the Rembrandt masterpiece known to the art world as the "lost" Juno. The work is one of fifty-five important Dutch old masters from the collection of the late Dr. C. J. K. van Aalst which will be dispersed at auction on April 1.

The three-quarter-length Juno bears a distinct resemblance to Hendrickje Stoffels, Rembrandt's mistress. The painting is of special interest to art historians on a number of scores. It figured in a law suit of 1665 between Rembrandt and an Amsterdam collector, Harmen Becker. The painter had placed nine paintings in the other's hands as security for loans, and Becker refused to allow repayment; the collector's plan was to hold the paintings captive until the artist completed a Juno, apparently commissioned. Rembrandt brought suit, but the difference was settled amicably. At Becker's death the Juno was recorded in the inventory of his collection—and then disappeared from art history for more than two hundred and fifty years.

In 1935 the work came up for sale at Cologne with several other pictures from the Otto Wesendonck collection. Dark with grime, it remained unrecognized and was auctioned to a Dutch furniture dealer for two hundred dollars. The following year, after it was bought by the Dutch art dealer Mr. D. Katz for some two thousand dollars, its identity was revealed by cleaning. Dr. C. J. K. van Aalst, who then acquired the work, sent it on tour through America with three other old masters—Fabritius' *Portrait of Rembrandt*, a *River Landscape* by Cuyp and a *Woodland Scene* by Hobbema—all included in the coming sale. At the outbreak of the last war the four paintings were placed in the safe keeping of the Detroit Institute of Arts.



Aelbert Cuyp, *River Landscape*; to be auctioned at Christie's in Dutch old-masters sale.

## AUCTION CALENDAR

**February 5 & 6**, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Early American furniture and folk art, the major portion of the stock of Helena Penrose, New York, sold for reduction of inventory. Exhibition now.

**February 12 & 13**, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. English and French furniture and decorations, property of the estate of the late W. O. Stanton, New York, sold by order of executors, and other owners. Exhibition from February 6.

**February 16 & 17**, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Modern French illustrated books, prints and posters, fine bindings, including examples by Rose Adler and Pierre Legrain, art reference works, books on Oriental art, an illuminated manuscript of the thirteenth century. Property of Mrs. Charles J. Liebman, estate of the late Mrs. Clement Griscom, and other owners. Exhibition from February 6.

**February 18**, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Modern paintings, drawings, prints, sculptures, property of a New York industrial institution and other owners. Paintings include works by Brackman, Dewing, Donati, Etnier, Evergood, Gari Melchers, Merida, Philipp, Horatio Walker, Whistler and other American artists; also a number of works by modern French artists. A group of about forty sculptures by Allan Clark, De Creeft, Dobson, Epstein, Fioravanti, Korb, Henry Moore, Zorach and other American and British sculptors. Prints and posters by Chagall, Léger, Picasso, Pissarro, Rouault, Villon. Exhibition from February 13.

**February 19 & 20**, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. English and French furniture and decorations, property of the estate of the late Muriel McCormick Hubbard, New York, and other owners. Exhibition from February 13.



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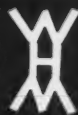
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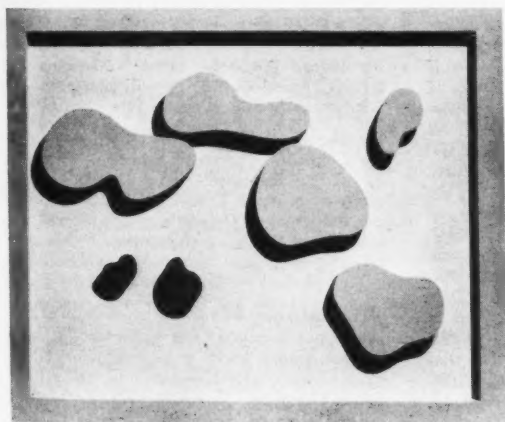
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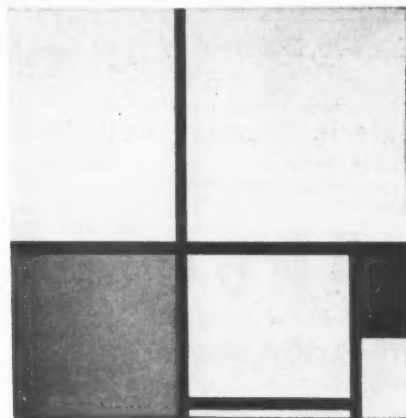
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## PEOPLE IN THE ARTS



E. F. Granell



Dr. Edwin S. Burdell



Charlotte Whinston



Isamu Noguchi

The William and Noma Copley Foundation, which makes yearly awards to "creative individuals of outstanding talent or unusual promise . . . who in its judgment are deserving of assistance," has announced the recipients of its 1959 awards. The painters Mina Loy, Leon Kelly, Bernard Pfriem, Richard Hamilton and E. F. Granell (above), sculptors Isabelle Waldberg and Shinkichi Tajiri, and composers Mikis Theodorakis and William Bolcom are the major recipients. The directors of the foundation are William N. and Noma Copley, Barnet and Eleanor Hodes, Darius Milhaud and Marcel Duchamp. Advisers to the foundation include Jean Arp, Alfred Barr, Jr., Matta Echaurren, Max Ernst, Julien Levy, Man Ray, Roland Penrose and Sir Herbert Read.

The American Council of Learned Societies has awarded ten prizes of \$10,000 each to scholars in the humanities and social sciences in recognition of "extraordinary scholarly achievement." Among those honored was Meyer Schapiro, Professor of Fine Arts at Columbia University in New York. Professor Schapiro was cited as a "teacher of all manner of men, not least of artists themselves and of psychiatrists too; peerlessly creative among American art historians of his time." This is the third year of the prize-award program, bringing to thirty the scholars who have been so recognized. Funds for the program as well as for other support of individual scholars have been made available to the Council by the Ford Foundation and the Carnegie Corporation. The American Council of Learned Societies is a federation of thirty professional societies in the humanities and social sciences, and represents approximately 75,000 scholars. Its executive offices are in New York City.

Dr. Edwin S. Burdell (above), president for the past twenty-two years of the Cooper Union for the Advancement of Science and Art, will retire with the title of President Emeritus on February 29. He advanced his retirement plans to accept an invitation from UNESCO to become president of the Middle East Technical University of Ankara, Turkey. He will assume his new duties on March 15. One of Dr. Burdell's early contributions to the Cooper Union's growth was the incorporation of the humanities and social sciences into the curricula of the School of Engineering and of the Art School. Dr. Burdell also devoted his efforts to broadening the public's knowledge of Cooper Union's Museum for the Arts of Decoration, and also to strengthening the institution's free adult-education program, the first of its kind in this country.

Charlotte Whinston (above), of New York City is the new president of the National Association of Women Artists, which celebrates its seventieth anniversary this year. Among its plans for the spring is an exchange exhibition of paintings with the Japan Women Painters Association. This will be the sixth exchange with women artists of foreign countries sponsored in recent years by the American Association.

The American-Israel Cultural Foundation has announced the gift of Billy Rose's entire collection of modern sculpture to the new National Museum of Israel. The collection of more than fifty pieces, many of them very large, includes examples of the work of Rodin, Maillol, Daumier, Lipchitz and Epstein. Mr. Rose has also contributed the construction and landscaping of a five-acre garden on a hilltop in the center of Jerusalem, adjacent to the museum, in which the sculptures will be displayed. The Japanese-American sculptor Isamu Noguchi (above), designer of the UNESCO gardens in Paris, will landscape the site.

Charles R. Colbert has been appointed dean of the Columbia University School of Architecture, succeeding Leopold Arnaud. He will assume his post on April 1. Mr. Colbert is at present a senior partner of Colbert and Lowrey and Associates, a New Orleans architectural, design and city-planning firm.

The American Academy of Arts and Letters has announced the sixteen American and Canadian painters whose works have been chosen for purchase by the Childe Hassam Fund. The artists are: John Chumley, Carmen Cicero, Aleta Cornelius, Frank Duncan, Walter Feldman, Xavier Gonzalez, Maurice Grosser, Joseph Lasker, Charles Locke, John Manship, Tadashi Sato, Jack Leonard Shadbolt, Syd Solomon, Russell Twiggs, Tony Urquhart and John Wheat. The Hassam Fund was set up when the painter Childe Hassam bequeathed a collection of his works to the Academy with the stipulation that as they were sold the accumulated income from the sales be used to buy paintings by contemporary artists for presentation to museums and galleries.

Richard H. Koch has been appointed to the newly created post of Director of Administration of the Museum of Modern Art in New York. Mr. Koch, a graduate of Princeton University and Columbia Law School, was formerly associated with the firm of Winthrop, Stimson, Putnam and Roberts, general counsel for the museum.

## NEWS NOTES

Harvard University is making plans to establish a center of humanistic studies at I Tatti, the Italian villa of the late **Bernard Berenson**. Mr. Berenson, who died in October, bequeathed I Tatti, its library and art collection to the university. In announcing Harvard's decision to accept the bequest, for which it must seek the authority of the Italian government, President Nathan M. Pusey expressed the hope that the university could find funds to maintain a program consonant with Mr. Berenson's vision. The art historian hoped that, under the guidance of his alma mater, I Tatti would become "a center of humanistic studies where scholars from all nations might find a favoring climate in which to conduct research into the fine arts and their relationship to human life and history."

"Documenta II," the 1959 international art show held at Kassel, Germany (ARTS, November), will be followed by a "Documenta III" exhibition in 1963 in the same city. The theme of the 1963 show will be "The World's Art from 1913 to 1963." The German Tourist Information Office reports that 135,000 people have viewed the "Documenta II" exhibition.

The **Boston Arts Festival** has announced that an open competition will be held for the 1960 festival exhibitions, which will take place in June. Any artist in the United States will be eligible to submit art in any medium for judging. An all-artist jury will make the selections, and there will be separate award juries. The festival's grand prize of \$1,000 will be presented for the most outstanding entry. Entries in the art competition must be registered by April 20 and received by May 2. Each year the Boston festival, held outdoors in Boston Garden, attracts more than 500,000 visitors.

**Salvador Dali's Christopher Columbus Discovers America**, commissioned by Huntington Hartford for his projected Gallery of Modern Art in Manhattan, was unveiled last month in the Tapestry Room of French and Co. in New York. The opening of the gallery, which will be housed in a building facing Columbus Circle, is planned for 1962. Dali's painting, the largest the Spanish artist has ever done, will not be seen again until that time.

An intensive long-range program in the conservation of works of art will be undertaken by the **Institute of Fine Arts** of New York University with the support of the Rockefeller Foundation. The Foundation will provide \$500,000 for the establishment and support in its formative years of the **Conservation Center**, which will be located in the James B. Duke House at 1 East 78th Street, the new home of the Institute of Fine Arts. The program of instruction and research will begin in the fall of 1960. A four-year course of study for conservation specialists will include research in art history and archaeology, research and practical experience in conservation, and courses in museum training and connoisseurship.

A Museum Aid examination has been announced by the U.S. Civil Service Commission for filling positions in the Smithsonian Institution, the National Gallery of Art, the Department of the Interior and other Federal agencies in the Washington, D. C., area. The entrance salaries are from \$3,495 to \$4,040 a year. Full information regarding the requirements and how to apply is contained in Announcement No. 191, which may be obtained at many post offices throughout the country, or from the U.S. Civil Service Commission, Washington 25, D.C.



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## PARIS

The official activity . . . Wols as  
champion of the School of Paris  
. . . two shows by Poliakoff . . .

WE HAVE had a slow season, curiously sluggish, with of course the kind of big, brilliant official exhibitions, the rather sensational retrospectives and didactic shows to which Parisians, spoiled creatures that they are, grow rapidly accustomed. We have had, then, the seventeenth-century Roman drawings at the Louvre, the small exhibition of Chinese painting at the Cernuschi, the masks of all cultures and periods at the Guimet. The Max Ernst retrospective at the Musée de l'Art Moderne, of which I hope to speak at greater length at another time, is shortly to be replaced by an exhibition of modern Swiss art, and there are to be two hundred Gauguins at that semiofficial institution, the Galerie Charpentier. But all this—and happily so, of course—is almost a matter of politics or policy; the Ministry of Fine Arts sees to it that we have a steady rhythm of exhibitions to maintain activity on the museum level, no matter what may be happening or not happening now in the galleries. The Ministry's activity suggests indeed the highly organized administrative apparatus which ensures the continuity of government institutions while cabinets are formed and fall. I should like, however, to get a bit closer to what has been happening, and we have had, in fact, this last month or so, at least two major events which might serve as points of orientation (poles, perhaps, North and South) for a geography of sensibility. One was the current exhibition of gouaches and paintings by Wols at the Galerie Europe; the other involved the two recent exhibitions of Poliakoff's paintings and gouaches at the Knoedler and Berggruen Galleries.

The most immediately striking thing about Wols is, of course, the legendary reputation, the halo which has materialized about him since his death in 1951. One must, I feel, speak of this: it is a necessary preliminary to any discussion of his work, and fortunately it has already been done for me, in Hilton Kramer's remarks on the canonization of Jackson Pollock (see "Jackson Pollock and Nicolas de Staël" in *Arts Yearbook* 3, 1959):

"We now have sufficient perspective on the modern period to see that when fate denies us an authentic genius to preserve our faith in the future viability of art, we are not altogether unwilling to take a counterfeit in its place. To do so induces a certain discomfort of the spirit, but it is as nothing compared to the alternative, which is to face the historical void. Anything, it seems, is preferable to confronting an interval which might permanently dislocate our blind conviction in the purposefulness of history. In the end—and it is the end, alas, which we have now reached in the history of modernism—authentic genius is too fragile, too fugitive, too primitive and unforeseen, to be depended upon for its own function. Thus we learn to despise first competence, then talent, then genius itself, even as we devise expedients in their name. The paradox of our period is that we have learned to despise genius in the name of the historical necessity which makes of genius a talisman of artistic survival."

Confronted with the "historical void" created by death and decline in an aging generation, faced with a disquieting hiatus in history, the School of Paris promoted Wols to the temporarily empty position of *artiste maudit de service*, then pushed him into the arena to defend the nation against the demonic challenge of America incarnate in

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Jackson Pollock. There was a certain apparent justification for this, for both figures seemed conveniently to embody or to symbolize a shift in the entire conception of painting, the painter and their meanings in our world. That shift is clear, I think, in this second quotation, from the catalogue of Wols' first exhibition at the Galerie René Drouin in 1947:

"This notion of Painting that we elaborate so, this tradition, these rules, these criteria derived from known works and held in readiness to judge new paintings—perhaps all this is only a myth, the fallacious consequence of our position as spectators. A myth foreign to true painting, fabricated, with no basis other than our weakness and our pretension. Perhaps the painter doesn't know what painting is. Perhaps a series of acts . . .

"It is not a matter of carrying out a plan to attain a goal defined in advance. Nothing preexists, nothing is preliminary to the act of painting. The equations which the painter establishes find their balance only at the moment when the painting is finished: the unknown reveals itself, the adventure is concluded. One can only begin anew. These successive efforts form the evolution of a painter and represent the infinite number of ways to solve the same problem, and this one problem is the painter himself. What should be evident, retrospectively, from a series of works, is a significant behavior, discovered and resulting from the sum of particular behaviors involved in each canvas. The painter draws nearer and nearer, reveals himself to us through objects that are each irreducible. A painting is an event, the revelation of an objectified behavior." Thus M. René Guilly in 1947. Shades or intimations of Mr. Rosenberg!

I return, for a time at least, to the work on exhibition at the Galerie Europe. It is, for the most part, a rather handsome selection of gouaches which confirm the impression I had last year, at Mr. Bernard Haim's show, of a very intense, uncertain, narrow talent, of a style which evolved from an illustrative Surrealism (reminiscent, in its early vocabulary of Arthur Rackham!) to the very accomplished later drawings with which we are familiar. It is an art which is full of *trouvailles* in the form of imagery, not formally inventive, sophisticated rather than deeply personal, brilliant sometimes, as in the "Cities" series or in the great range of images which evoked an inventory of wounds and scars. One thing was most distressingly obvious: the utter lack of concern for a constructive or functional use of color. The drawings were wholly linear, set against pale, vaguely tasteful washes, discreet to the point of ineffectualness. The paintings one sees in Paris—in this exhibition, in an occasional *accrochage* or private collection, those rare and now costly paintings which glow with the aura of death and scarcity (the typical Wols lover is apt to be a bit of a "Malthusian") are, of course, another propo-

sition entirely. They do not, I think, transcend the earlier, supposedly slighter work; they do, however, appear to cross some sort of frontier, that which, as has been suggested by Messrs. Guilly and Rosenberg, separates art from life. Criticism must then, for the sake of relevancy, follow these canvases, deserting the realm of aesthetics for that of ethics. And indeed, criticism increasingly tends to do just this. We must, however, have no confusion; judged by any aesthetic canons which are still available to us, these canvases are rather hideous failures, anarchic if you like, impotent, above all, engaged in a kind of moral blackmail, in the name of a total and unabashed "sincerity."

But how could they have been anything else? What other claim was Wols prepared to make as a painter? Judging from what is available to us, there seems to have been no bridge to bring him from a linear imagery to that construction in space-color which oil and canvas demanded. There is sometimes pathetic in the way in which these desperate, invertebrate works have been pressed into the service of history, drafted to save the face of Paris. Wols at his best is a fragile figure; one feels he must be rescued before he collapses beneath the weight and pressure of that shroud of glory in which he has been wrapped.

IF THE delicate question of the survival of a School of Paris is ever to be dispassionately discussed, it must be removed from the framework of cultural propaganda and power politics, freed from the teleological constraint of a post-Hegelian aesthetic, and considered in the light of a few major contributions to the painting and sculpture of the postwar period.

Serge Poliakoff's painting constitutes one of these. The two exhibitions of oils and gouaches recently on view at the Knoedler and Berggruen Galleries (the smaller exhibition organized on the occasion of the publication of Mme. Dora Vallier's monograph\*) represent of course the sort of consecration customary for a painter at the height of his career. More important than this, however, they revealed new points of departure, indications of a push forward.

When I come to define the major characteristics of his art, and the manner in which the recent exhibitions confirm or modify the work already familiar to us, I am faced, to begin with, by the question of range. I do feel, however, that this verdict calls for a reconsideration of the notion of range, and of the painter's infinite capacities for variation, modification, reorganization and adjustment in the territory he has staked out as his own.

This painting excludes, of course, as rigorously as possible, explicit references to our experience of the visible, natural world, confining itself to the

\*Dora Vallier, *Serge Poliakoff* (Editions Cahiers d'Art, Paris, 1959).

manipulation, on a flat, painted surface, of quasi-geometric forms. I begin with this particularly obvious remark only because I remember having been puzzled by Mr. Patrick Heron's statement (see ARTS, October, 1958) on his inability to stop seeing roof tops, tables and such in these paintings. More than this, however, it is a model of that painting in which form is transformed into content, in which an intense expressiveness is induced through effects of tension and relaxation, the play of cold and warm, flat and luminous color, sharply defined or ambiguously suggested spatial and linear relationships. The possibilities of exploration and, eventually, of range are thus multiplied for a painter of sensibility and industry.

Primarily, and for some time, these canvases have been paintings of movement, a motion-within-stability, the transcription into painting of that continuous molecular movement within the apparently stable object, that slow displacement of glaciers which is sensed, even when invisible to the naked eye. These are the movements of a general passage across, up and down, and into the far corners of the canvas. The secondary movements, partly the result of suggested, slightly ambiguous directions and largely that of brush strokes which frequently set up a play between centrifugal and centripetal motions, are reinforced by the teasing effect of close-value color of an active subtlety impossible within the doctrinaire limits of a Malevich white-on-white or an Ernst black-on-black. These movements are further strengthened or counterpointed, as the case may be, by a coexisting range of flatness or luminousness of color. As one penetrates, then, into the canvas, or the gouache, making one's way through their complex visual geography, the notion of range tends to fade or crumble under the intensity and variety of the exploratory experience.

The paintings at Knoedler's this year were possibly less uniformly successful or attractive than many of those shown two years ago at the Creuzevault Gallery. What most distinguished them was a willingness to take certain risks. Among the successes was a sumptuous large canvas in blacks, whites and grays, in which every problem-solving intention had been bypassed. But a concrete example of the significant risk was a canvas whose surface was divided into three main areas: a small, upper right-hand corner in red, a blue, which filled the lower right-hand corner, and then, invading from the left, a vast, dark green surface which first threatens, then destroys (one's experience is determined in time by its slower action and movement—a matter of both value and size) all possible pre-existing harmony between that blue and that red, forcing them into another relationship entirely.

That green was dark, very dark, and cold as can be. It was painted, or so it seemed, under electric light, with so little regard for those niceties of surface and texture, those subtly animating techniques which generally abound in Poliakoff's work, as to be disturbing. The composition was a perfect image of tension, of diabolically composed discord, intransigent to the point of harshness, implacable in its simplicity and logic, uncompromising in its refusal to take for granted the beauty and the comfort-in-beauty of the accomplished canvases surrounding it.

It had a deliberately subversive tone, echoed in certain of the gouaches exhibited at Berggruen's, in which the colors are almost dirty, and the forms, unusually gross, lacking in themselves the sober elegance usually associated with this painter's work. These were difficult works, testifying to that kind of tenacity, tension and refusal of all compromise which make for first-rate painting. That Poliakoff is a celebrated, indeed, a fashionable painter, is a matter of mere historical fact, though not an accident. The quality of his achievement translates him, as it does all fine painters, to the realm of moral necessity.

Annette Michelson



Wols, *Le Fagot*; at Galerie Europe.



Poliakoff, *Composition*; at Knoedler Gallery.



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## LONDON

Three tributes . . . Epstein as battler for modern sculpture . . . Matthew Smith's insistence that paint comes first . . . the visions of Stanley Spencer . . .

THE death of Stanley Spencer a few days before Christmas was a melancholy reminder of the heavy losses British art suffered in 1959, following as it did so closely upon the disappearance of both Jacob Epstein and Matthew Smith. As I write, the galleries are still full of Christmas miscellanies, and the big exhibitions of the new year are only just beginning to open, so that this seems to be the moment to pause and pay tribute to three of the great figures of modern British art.

Sir Jacob Epstein died suddenly from coronary thrombosis on August 19, 1959. Lady Epstein told *The Times* that he had been looking at the enormous *Pan* group he had just completed (for Bowater House, London) shortly before his death. "He died when at his full power and making larger works than he had ever done," she said. He had recently finished portrait busts of the Archbishop of Canterbury and of Princess Margaret, and was engaged on the memorial statue to Lloyd George commissioned for the Houses of Parliament. Business, the Church, Royalty, Parliament—Sir Jacob had become without rival as the sculptor of the Establishment.

Epstein was nearly seventy-nine when he died, and it is probably true to say that he had been Britain's most famous sculptor for half a century. Though born in New York of Russian-Jewish immigrant parents, he made his home in England in 1905, married a Scottish wife in 1906, and never seems seriously to have thought of living anywhere else. Almost as soon as he arrived here, after three years' study in Paris and a brief unhappy return to the U. S., Epstein could number Bernard Shaw and Augustus John among his closest friends, and one can forgive him for preferring London to New York in the first decade of the century.

Ever since the storm of abuse that greeted the figures which he carved in 1908 for the British Medical Association's new building in the Strand (still visible, though in a mutilated state), Epstein was always in the public eye. He was constantly a center of controversy—which he seems to have found as necessary and stimulating as it was no doubt at times distressing. Every few years between the two wars Epstein would produce a new work of unquestionable power and provocation: the howls would go up from the Philistines, a storm would break out in the press, and modern sculpture would again be brought to everyone's notice.

The sculptures themselves, especially the big carvings like *Night and Day* (1929), *Genesis* (1931), *Behold the Man* (1935), *Et Consummationem Est* (1937), *Adam* (1939), often embarrassed the art pundits. (Roger Fry never quite knew what to say about Epstein.) They still embarrass us today—several are now on permanent exhibition in a Blackpool fun-fair, and one of them, *Behold the Man*, was only last year refused as a gift by Selby Abbey in Yorkshire.

It is not because of these particular works, but because Epstein singlehanded won the battle for a modern sculpture in England and made today's flourishing school possible, that he remains a figure of exceptional importance in the history of British art. In a moving appreciation that appeared in the *Sunday Times* for August 23, Henry Moore expressed the gratitude that all

sculptors here have felt toward Epstein, even those who don't personally care for his work. In Moore's words: "He took the brickbats, he took the insults, he faced the howls of derision with which artists since Rembrandt have learned to become familiar. And as far as sculpture in this century is concerned, he took them first. We of the generation that succeeded him were spared a great deal, simply because his sturdy personality and determination had taken so much."

Moore goes on to note the curious thing about Epstein: despite the public image, he was "scarcely an innovator, let alone a revolutionary," although there was a moment between 1913 and 1916 when he might have become one. He had just spent some stimulating months in Paris while Oscar Wilde's tomb was being erected, and had met Picasso and Brancusi and become an intimate friend of Modigliani, then a sculptor and Brancusi's disciple. Back in England, instead of returning to London, Epstein chose to work in undisturbed peace at Pett Level on the Sussex coast near Hastings—until the Zeppelin raids in 1916 drove him back to London and then into the army. The dozen pieces that he produced at Pett Level—*The Rock Drill* (National Gallery of Canada), the *Mother and Child* (M.M.A., New York), the large marble *Venus* and a number of smaller carvings, some of which have been lost sight of since the dispersal of John Quinn's collection—these, for all their debts to Brancusi and to Futurist and Cubist ideas, must always have a place in any history of twentieth-century sculpture.

After the Pett Level period Epstein gave up experiment, and chose, in his own words, "to remain in the European tradition of my early training" (he was thinking of Donatello and Rodin). In the later 1910's he established the general form both of the portrait busts and of his monumental bronze figures. He had a remarkable natural facility for catching a likeness, and the rough, broken surfaces give vividness and character to heads which almost invariably have a larger-than-life quality. This was sometimes exaggerated, but then Epstein's most successful heads were always of sitters who were larger than life themselves, and he was (it seems to me) quite without equal as a portraitist of the great men of our time.

His claim to posterity's attention as an imaginative sculptor is not so sure. If I may quote Henry Moore again: "He was a modeler, rather than a carver. To put it in other terms, his was a visual rather than a mental art, and with him the emphasis was on subject rather than on form." Hence the deficiencies of Epstein's carvings, and the striving after a message for mankind that reduces his work at its worst to a windy rhetorical

peroration. He was certainly no explorer of sculptural form, but went on repeating a successful formula once it had been evolved. The bronze *Christ* that he made in 1917-19 looks forward, in its stiff, hieratic quality, its rigid parallelism and its elongated figure and expressive hands, to the *Visitation* of 1926, the *Christ in Majesty* at Llandaff Cathedral (1957) and to what is generally and I think rightly regarded as one of Epstein's finest works, the *Madonna and Child* overlooking Cavendish Square in London (1952).

Epstein was notably generous in his support of fellow artists. He spoke on behalf of Brancusi at the celebrated court case when on a visit to New York in 1927, and, back in the mid-1920's, he bought Henry Moore's sculpture and wrote the catalogue introduction to Moore's first exhibition. He was also one of the first supporters of Matthew Smith, who survived his friend by no more than a few weeks.

**S**UPERFICIALLY the two men could not have been more dissimilar—Epstein was flamboyant and impulsive, Smith shy, timid and hesitant; it was a contrast of hot and cold. But Matthew Smith's pictures are not at all what one would have expected from the man; they are in fact the kind of paintings that an Epstein should have produced, and this was no doubt why Epstein (who was a rather indifferent painter) liked them so much.

Born in Halifax, Yorkshire, in 1879, Sir Matthew Smith was a few weeks short of his eightieth birthday when he died in London on September 29. He came from a background that was hostile to painting, and it was not until he moved to France in 1908 that he began to find his feet. A month or two spent at Matisse's school in Paris was decisive. It showed him the possibilities of coloristic painting, and he remained faithful to a Fauve style for the rest of his life.

At first Smith's development was very slow indeed: he painted only a handful of pictures before 1920. The two *Fitzroy Street Nudes* of 1916 (Tate Gallery and British Council collections) and the *Little Seamstress* of 1919 (Leeds) are the most remarkable, and they betray ample evidence of the struggle Smith had to paint at this time. In 1920 the release came, and he could at last work freely. He spent six months at St. Columb Major in Cornwall, and painted a group of somber landscapes that in my opinion he never equaled in his later work. They are powerful pictures of dark, stormy skies lowering above green and crimson-purple fields and cottages. At their best they have the sort of anguished tension that one associates with Soutine, and they appear to have brought Smith to the edge of mental collapse. In 1921 he was unable to paint, and too restless to settle down anywhere.

Smith returned to France, and when he began painting again one imagines that he may have remembered Matisse's words about striving for an art of balance, purity and serenity, devoid of any troubling or depressing subject matter. Certainly the first sumptuous red nudes that he painted in the mid-1920's would answer Matisse's demands.

Smith's range was a restricted one. Most of his pictures are of well-fleshed reclining nudes, or of flowers and fruit—luscious subjects all, painted in hot and intense colors. He did landscapes of the South of France when he lived there between the wars, but in England, apart from the Cornish pictures, the landscape did not appeal to the painter in him at all. Perhaps he felt that this would turn him into an English painter when he plainly wanted to remain a French one. He never achieved the professionalism that one associates with French painters, however; in fact, he was a most hit-or-miss artist, and his work is exceptionally uneven. His concern with color was so overwhelming that his pictures are often clumsy



Matthew Smith, *Anita*;  
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ARTS

## LONDON

and sometimes completely fall to pieces. Nevertheless, in his insistence that paint comes first, Matthew Smith has been a shining example to English artists, and I can't do better than to conclude by quoting almost in full the tribute that Francis Bacon paid Smith on the occasion of his retrospective at the Tate Gallery in 1953: "He seems to be one of the very few English painters since Constable and Turner to be concerned with painting—that is, with attempting to make idea and technique inseparable. Painting in this sense tends toward a complete interlocking of image and paint, so that the image is the paint and vice versa. Here the brush stroke creates the form and does not merely fill it in. Consequently, every movement of the brush on the canvas alters the shape and implications of the image. That is why real painting is a mysterious and continuous struggle with chance—mysterious because the very substance of the paint, when used in this way, can make such a direct assault upon the nervous system; continuous because the medium is so fluid and subtle that every change that is made loses what is already there in the hope of making a fresh gain. I think that painting today is pure intuition and luck and taking advantage of what happens when you splash the stuff down, and in this game of chance Matthew Smith seems to have the gods on his side."

SIR STANLEY SPENCER, who died on December 14 at the age of sixty-eight, was the complete antithesis of Matthew Smith. He was a very remarkable man indeed. I do not happen to think that he was a good painter, any more than William Blake was, but he was certainly a visionary artist of a most unusual kind.

In the exceptionally revealing introduction that he wrote for his big retrospective at the Tate in 1955, Spencer explained how all his painting was dependent on the vision of the world that he had had as a young man. Events that he read about in the Bible he could see taking place in the little Thames-side village of Cookham where he was born and lived all his life. Everything was directly revealed to him: he had simply to get it down on canvas or paper. "The drawing or painting of the thing was the experience of Heaven," he wrote. Early paintings like the *Nativity* or *Zacharias and Elizabeth* (1912-13) have an extraordinary conviction that the later work lacks, and Spencer knew exactly why. He admitted that in 1922-23 he lost the state of sureness. He had made enough drawings to keep him going for a decade. ("All the painting I was to do from 1922 to 1932 was settled in nearly every detail: ten years of solid bliss was ahead of me.") But after 1933 things were never quite the same.

Spencer's work is at times most eccentric, and he was often afraid of charges of obscenity. The bulging deformations and distortions of figures that characterized the later work must have been how things looked to Spencer, and I've no doubt that psychologists of one kind and another are going to find rewarding material in his work. (There are some curious parallels with Brueghel here.) If I much prefer his drawings, this is because drawing was always to him the more immediate medium, closer to the sources of his vision. Painting was a more or less routine procedure; it was like an old lady's knitting, he once told David Sylvester, not tedious, but enjoyable in a restful manner.

The only pictures that mattered to Stanley Spencer were the religious ones, and after 1933 these were all conceived in his head as fragments of one large decorative scheme for an imaginary chapel. The landscapes and portraits were no more than potboilers, done solely to earn money. It is a matter for profound regret that the Church never gave Spencer the opportunity of making his dream a reality.

Alan Bowness



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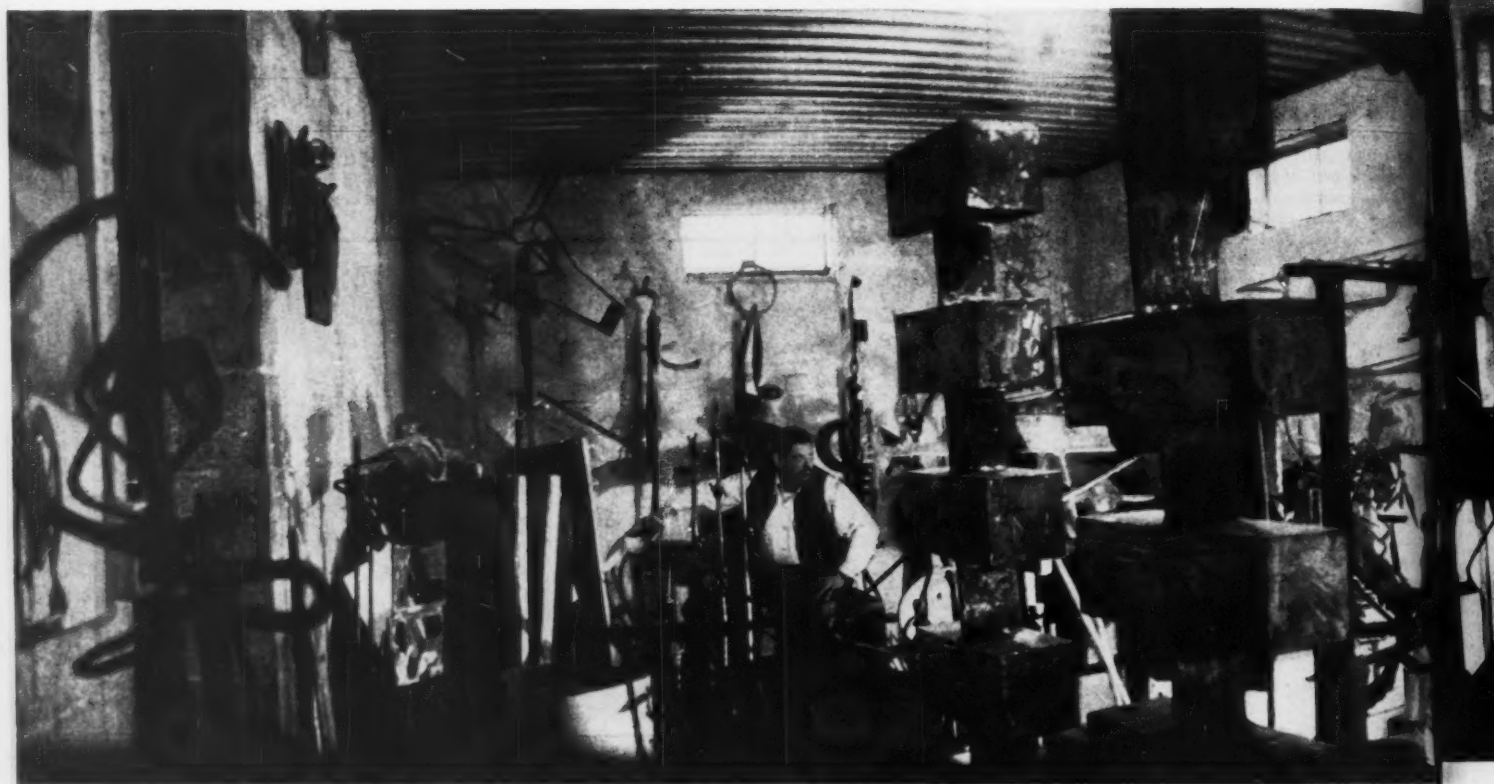
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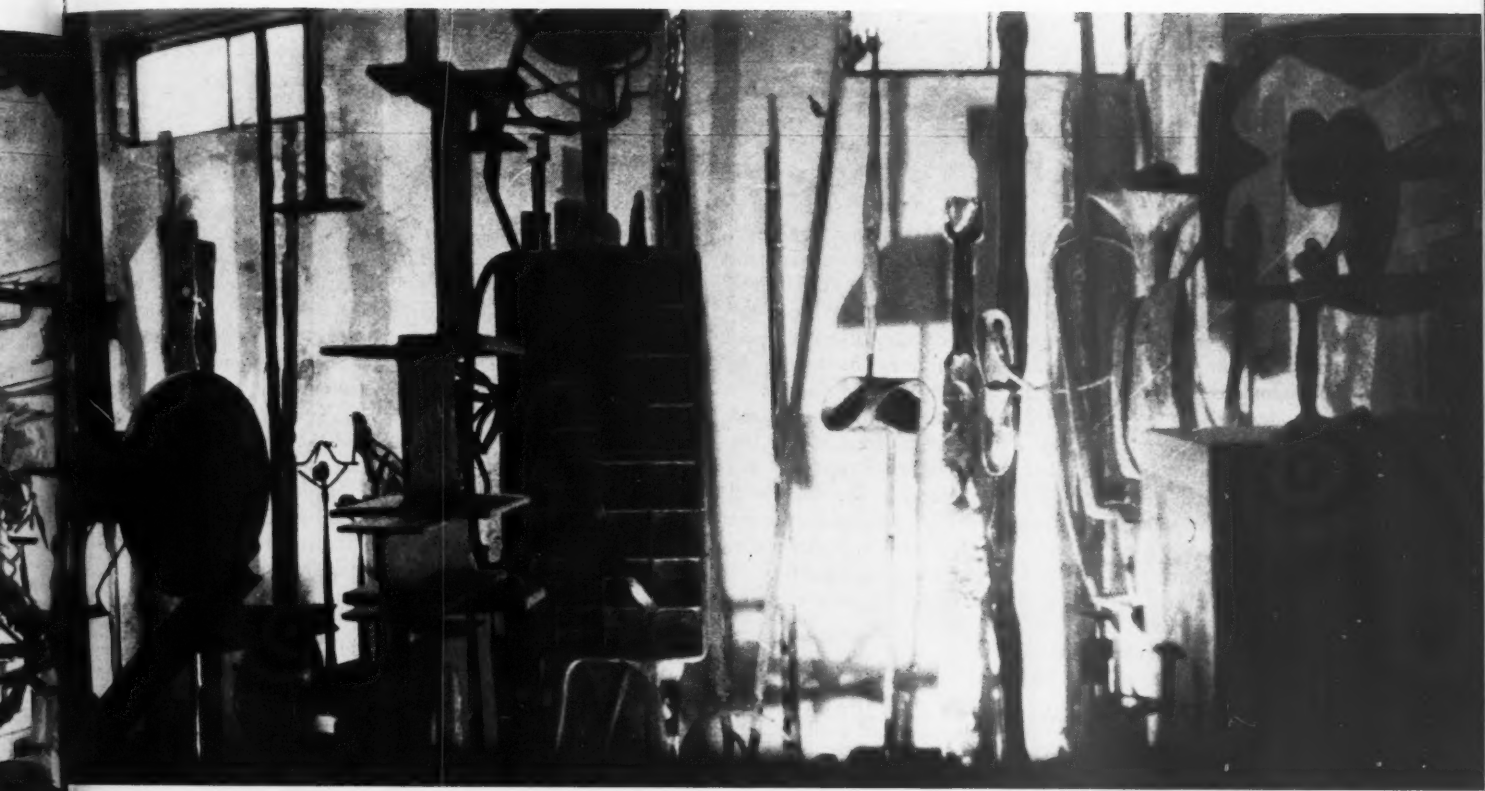
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David Smith in the storage basement of his house at Bolton Landing, New York.

PHOTOGRAPH (1959) BY DOUGLAS CROCKWELL, GLENS FALLS, NEW YORK, TAKEN WITH PAN-STEREO CAMERA #3 INVENTED BY THE PHOTOGRAPHER. (THIS PHOTOGRAPH, WITH A VISUAL ANGLE OF 150°, IS THE FIRST TO BE REPRODUCED FROM THIS UNIQUE CAMERA. CROCKWELL WAS THE FIRST COLLECTOR OF SMITH'S WORK IN THE 1930's; WORKS FROM HIS COLLECTION ARE REPRODUCED ON PAGES 26, 27 AND 31.)



**SPECIAL  
DAVID SMITH  
NUMBER**

# The Sculpture of David Smith

BY HILTON KRAMER

**T**HE sculpture of David Smith is one of the most significant achievements of American art, not only at the present moment but in its entire history. It is a major contribution to the international modern movement, and at the same time the most important body of sculpture this country has ever produced. Smith is the only American sculptor who brings an ample and fecund *oeuvre* covering three decades to the history of modern sculpture—the only one, that is, whose work has made a permanent change in sculpture itself. He is one of the very few artists anywhere today whose work upholds the promise and vision of the modern movement at the same level at which it was conceived. The singularity of his achievement has thus moved in the course of his career from an American to an international context. In its beginnings it was a rarity on the American scene, and in its full flower now it remains singular on the world scene.

The atmosphere of American art in our time has been crowded with artists who lacked the force of talent, vision or character—in the permanent crisis of modern art, these have tended to become identical—to pursue a clear path, artists who are always checking out, beginning again, inventing new personalities for themselves. Half the famous reputations of our time consist of twice-born and thrice-born “visionaries,” who, sometimes very honestly and sometimes not, have struggled constantly to effect an artistic identity they could believe in, or, failing that, a made-up face the art public might take for a miracle. David Smith's career is the noble exception. It has followed a path whose clarity, ambition and singleness of purpose are all the more remarkable for the obstacles they have overcome. The characteristic rhythm and flow of his work have a Balzacian (as against, say, a Mallarméan) quality. He is in the line of artists who are copious, energetic and unreservedly productive; artists who run the risk of vulgarity, repetition and garrulousness in the interest of sustaining an unchecked flow of new images and ideas. He is the opposite of those artists who wish to make a very few things, each very small and hard and perfect. His masterpieces have an unworried purity, a perfection which is at once exalted, prodigal and indifferent—a kind of rough precision which can only come from a hand which is completely knowledgeable but one which is not going to pause in an endless fretting over final resolutions. The entire body of his work is marked by an astonishing confidence, at once a moral conviction in its rightness and a clear sense of its limits, promises and inner necessity.

Smith is primarily a draftsman and a constructor, though he began as a painter. His sculptural method derives, as does all modern constructed sculpture, from the method of collage, and the whole body of his work retains, even at its farthest remove, a family resemblance to Cubism, whose Analytic phase gave rise to collage as a genre and a technique. This relation to Cubism and collage must be kept firmly in mind for a full

understanding of Smith's art, as must the more obvious relation of his early work to the iron constructions of Picasso and Gonzalez. Yet in themselves these relations bring us only to the threshold of Smith's own work. Once inside, they join in a complicated profusion of other ideas and necessities; they submit to a personal content and vision under the pressure of which the sculptural method itself is expanded and revised. Thus, the connections with Cubism, Gonzalez, *et al.*, give a partial but not a very full account of the character of Smith's style, even in its early phase; if we stop with them, we are left with a history-of-style abstraction which is simply not equal to the living presence of the work. Rather than dwell on these connections now—though we shall return to them presently—it might be well to approach the work from another direction.

**S**MITH's sculpture comes out of the factory; it draws on the methods of industry, technology, the mechanical arts of the machine shop. Its mode of work is hard, the material is heavy and obdurate, the work is dirty and, in a sense, hostile to the traditional refinements of sensibility. We should not make a romance of these facts—certainly Smith doesn't; he would gladly use an easier means, I am certain, if he could achieve the same results—but they need to be borne in mind in any attempt to grasp the significance of his work. This is true for two reasons especially. For one, it is a commonplace that modernist styles do not admit an easy separation of content and means; that what begins as a method for achieving a given result often undergoes a metamorphosis in which the means becomes an inseparable part of the result. (Inseparable, one should add, but *not* a substitute for the result.) Smith's work is wholly in this modernist tradition, and thus completely subject to the temper of his working method. Yet the second and perhaps more important reason for bearing in mind the facts of his working method is that his themes are so often the opposite of what his workshop technology implies they might be. Smith's art is conceptual, but it is not theoretical. It does not move in the direction of machine-age or space-age physics, metaphorically or otherwise. His themes are very often landscape motifs, pastoral and lyrical, with a great warmth of feeling for natural forms. They are often figures, in anecdotal and erotic situations, and at various times (in the thirties and forties particularly) there has been a strong current of social comment and political symbolism in his sculpture. At the same time there is a hard core of formalism in Smith's work—not only in recent work but from the beginning, in the work of the thirties. This mingling of the anecdotal and the formalistic is something I shall return to; the point I

Two recent sculptures photographed in front of the artist's house Bolton Landing, New York: foreground, *Twenty-five Planes*; background, *Eight Planes, Seven Bars*. All photographs by the artist.

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# David Smith



Brooklyn, 1936.



Brooklyn, 1937.



Moscow, 1936.



Bolton Landing, 1947.



With *Australia*, Bolton Landing, 1951.



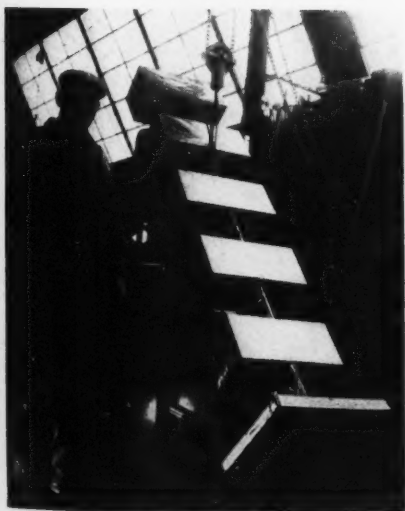
Terminal Iron Works, 1953.



Brooklyn, 1937.



Bolton Landing, 1951.



Terminal Iron Works, 1956.

wish to make here is that Smith's work, contrary to what we might believe if we turned his technology into a romance and made a mystique of his use of the blowtorch, actually contains a strong poetic element at its center. There is very little tendency in it to be "scientific." Notwithstanding his recent and very large geometrical constructions, I would say that the two modernist sculptors from whom he is the farthest removed in sensibility are Vantongerloo and Gabo. He is much closer to Léger, Picasso (the Picasso of Cubism, the iron sculpture and *Guernica*) and Stuart Davis in the relation of his art to experience.

One sees this relation of his art to experience in a particularly clear way on a visit to his studio at Bolton Landing, New York. The Terminal Iron Works (as Smith calls his workshop) is a fully equipped welding shop, with industrial tools, factory lights and a supply of raw materials (mostly stainless steel, cast-iron and bronze components and some silver), the atmosphere being that of a small-town factory in which some gadget is produced. This "factory" is set down, in the hills beyond Lake George, in the midst of one of the most beautiful, open, wide-ranging and still isolated landscapes in America. Mountains, timberland, open meadows and a view into the valley and the lake, a corner of which is the lowest point of elevation that meets the eye, make up the vista which reaches out from the artist's "studio." *A machine shop in a landscape*: this juxtaposition, with its disparate American ideals held together in an intense aesthetic equation, tells us something important about the moral and artistic character of the art which emerges from it. There are artists—one thinks of Giacometti in Paris, and Henry Moore on his Herefordshire estate—who are as much the authors of their milieux as of their work; and Smith is one of these. To visit Giacometti in the tight, dark, dust-covered studio he occupies in a working-class quarter of Paris, entering from a narrow, constricted alleyway, stumbling over plaster dust and dried clay, the light murky and gray, the sculptor himself fretting over the fragility and impossibility of his art—this is not in itself an "aesthetic" experience, but its peculiar qualities reveal something crucial about the psychic image and the sense of human possibility which will also be found in the art which is made there. Similarly, Moore's current style of life as a kind of benevolent country-squire humanist, a celebrity of his country's cultural Establishment who sits on committees and contributes to the *Sunday Times*, meets its nemesis in the monument to international bureaucracy he designed for UNESCO in Paris. Smith's workshop in the mountains evokes an image radically different from either of these, for it brings together two old-fashioned ideals of American life: the proud individualism and keen workmanship of the man who lives by his skills, and the independent spirit of the man who lives on his own land. Both are ideals of freedom out of the American past, derived from the ethos of a harder but simpler life than most Americans find it possible to live now, and they are supported in Smith's case by an unsentimental grasp of the difficulty involved in sustaining such freedom in a social environment where success no less than failure can deprive one of its realization. One might say that everything about Smith's art is up-to-date but the style of life which makes it possible for him to create it.

**S** MITH was born in Decatur, Indiana, in 1906. His father was a telephone engineer and part-time inventor, and his mother was a schoolteacher. He attended universities in the Midwest and Washington, D. C., but his education may be said to have begun when he moved to New York in 1926 and enrolled in

## David Smith: Sculptures of the 1930's

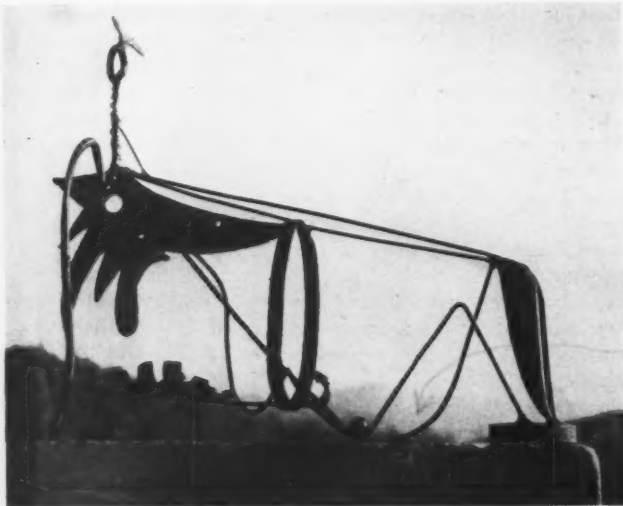
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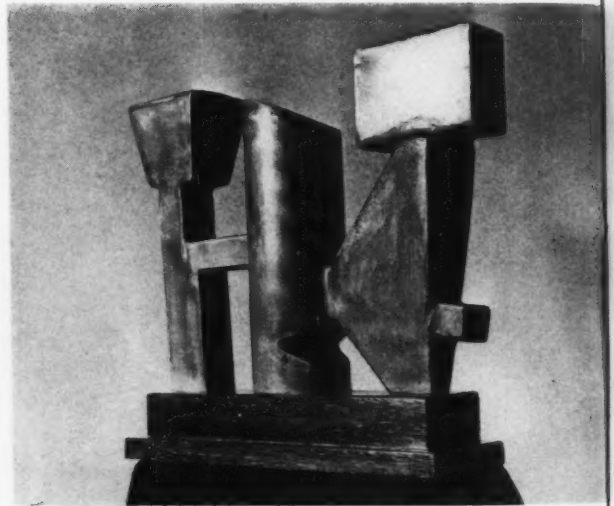
*Head* (1933); 18½ inches, iron.



*Head* (1933); 14¾ inches, iron.



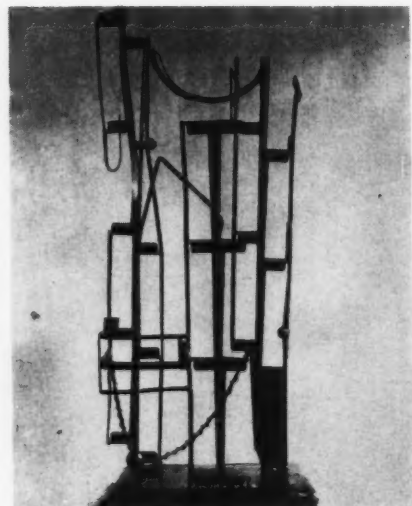
*Reclining Figure* (1936); 21¾ inches, steel.



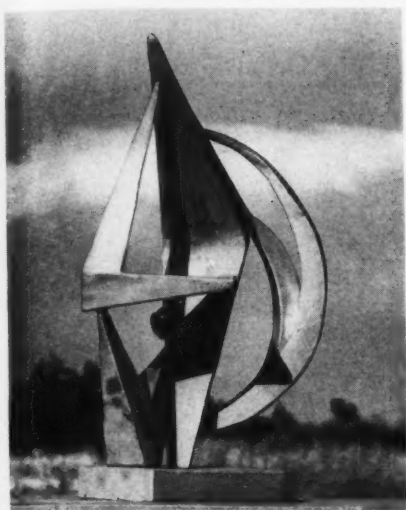
*Unity of Three Forms* (1937); 12 inches, steel.



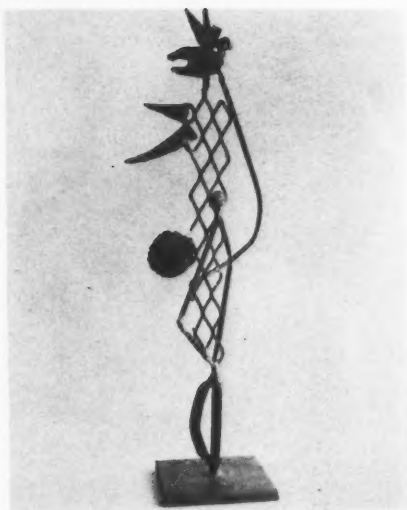
*Head* (1939); 19¾ inches, steel and cast iron.  
Collection Museum of Modern Art.



*Structure* (1937); 22¾ inches, steel.



*Vertical Structure* (1939) ; 49 inches, steel with sprayed copper.



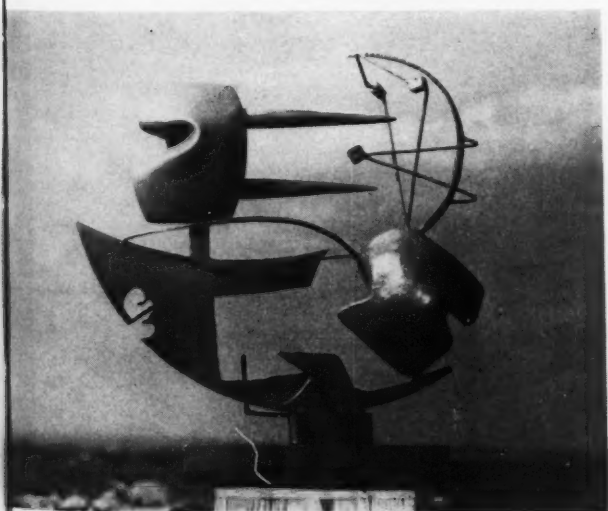
*Vertical Figure* (1937) ; 24 inches, steel.  
Collection Clement Greenberg.



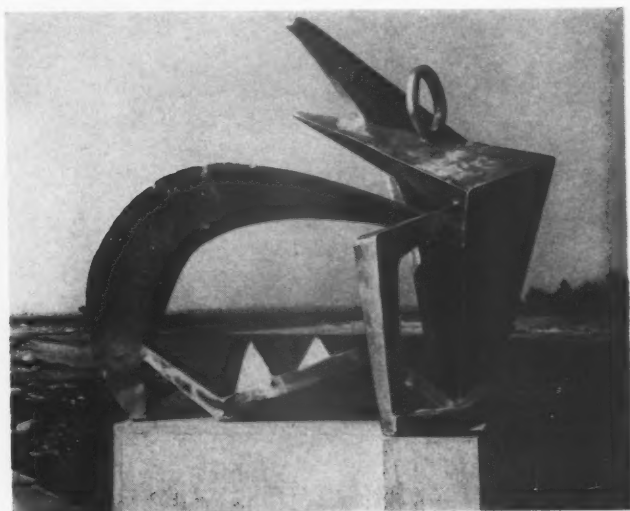
*Leda* (1938) ; 29 inches, steel.  
Collection Douglas Crockwell.



*Drummer* (1937) ; 15 inches, iron.  
Collection Baltimore Museum of Art.



*Ad Mare* (1938) ; 30 inches, steel.  
Collection Sibley Smith.



*Structure of Arches* (1939) ; 36 inches, steel.  
Collection Douglas Crockwell.

David Smith



Seated Figure (1934), drawing.

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the Art Students League. In 1927 he was a full-time painting student at the League, studying with John Sloan and—more crucial for Smith—with Jan Matulka, who introduced him to the modern movements of Europe. He continued to study with Matulka for several years, until 1930, and in 1929 he made his first painting trips to Bolton Landing, where he later acquired the land on which he built the house and workshop he still occupies there.

At the beginning of the thirties Smith was painting in an Abstract Surrealist style. In 1930 he met Stuart Davis, John Graham and Jean Xceron, who could be counted among the most important abstract painters in America at that time and were certainly the most sympathetic and informed about the abstract movement in Europe. To Matulka's teaching, based on a vivid respect for the work of Picasso, Kandinsky and Mondrian, were thus added the conversation and personal example of three painters who knew advanced European art at first hand and were endeavoring to practice their art at the same level of seriousness.

The teaching of Matulka and the association with Davis, Graham, Xceron and others marked the beginning of Smith's life as an artist, but he was not in any sense of their generation. Davis had discovered modern art in the Armory Show of 1913; Smith was a student in the twenties and, as he once remarked, his mother is the same age as Picasso. Above all, he came of age as an artist in the thirties.

The history of American art in the thirties is not yet written. The spirit of the present moment is not conducive to a full understanding of the complex and frequently contradictory impulses which molded the art of that decade. We have too often marked it down as the era of Social Realism and left it at that, and the more recent tendency to convert the thirties into the first act in the drama of the New York School is equally false if left unamplified by a whole spectrum of related ideas and imperatives. We shall be much closer to the truth of the thirties if we try to hold all its contradictions in mind at the same time; that is, if we see that the social and political urgencies of the Depression and the rise of fascism affected *all* the art of the period, that the abstract art of the thirties was no less aware of the historical crisis of the time than the politically committed realism that was reproduced in the left-wing journals. The thirties *was* a heyday for Social Realism, but it was not the period in which the most vital Social Realist painting in American art was done; the first quarter of the century could boast of a much keener pictorial commentary on American life, and on a much higher artistic level. Realism was only one style among others in the thirties, and one which was losing its impetus; the thirties was a decade in which Cubism, Surrealism, Constructivism, Neo-Plasticism, and particularly the late figurative Cubism of Picasso and Gonzalez along with the Abstract Expressionism of Kandinsky, were all in the running. Picasso, Matisse, Miró, Mondrian, Léger, Klee—the whole modernist pantheon was making itself felt, and making the narrow culture of native American art look increasingly paltry and inadequate at precisely the same moment that the economic and political structure of the country was caving in. It was also the age of the Mexicans, with their ruthless amalgams of art and revolution. Directly or obliquely, the political crisis of the thirties touched every artistic style of the time. The idealism of the geometrical purists and the compulsive irrationalism of the Surrealists (to name only two developments among many) lived under the same historical cloud as the ideology of the Realists and the propagandists.

Smith's work of the thirties needs to be seen in this context before it can be seen in any other, for as an artist he came into the inheritance of all the modernist impulses of European

art simultaneously and without having to commit himself exclusively to one over another. Moreover, he came to this inheritance under the pressure of an extreme historical moment, when the structure of society seemed as much in question as the conventional forms of native American art. There is an analogue in Smith's refusal to choose one branch of modernism over another—to become purely a Cubist or a Surrealist or a Constructivist—with the anarchism of his social views. He chose to use whatever was useful to him.

One must add that such a freedom of choice was possible because European modernism itself had become fragmented and split into isolated impulses by the early thirties. Henceforth each artist was on his own in making whatever connections he could between the shattered fragments of the modern movement, and projecting out of them a new aesthetic possibility. The period when artists worked together for common radical ideals—the Cubist period of Picasso and Braque, the period of the Expressionist and the Blue Rider groups in Germany, of the Constructivist manifesto and the Dadaists' revolt—was over. The two major movements of the twenties, the Bauhaus and Surrealism, were practically the last in which artists joined together—and *worked* together—for common stylistic ends, and even they were more concerned with social and literary ends than with the creation of new visual vocabularies. The man who represents the next phase of the modern movement is Miró, who brought his native Catalan sensibility first to Fauvism, then Cubism, then Dada and Surrealism, and in very short order fashioned a style in which he could freely choose among them. The personal synthesis of Cubism and Surrealism which Miró created in the twenties anticipates and contributes to the kind of synthesis, involving still other elements and devolving upon a different order of experience, which characterizes Smith's work of the thirties.

✓ This is the context in which Smith's relation to the iron constructions of Picasso and Gonzalez has a more precise meaning. The example of these iron constructions provided Smith with two things: (1) the serious use of iron, a material he knew firsthand from jobs of manual labor, and (2) the beginnings of a sculptural method—the technology, as it were—which enabled him to move from collage to free-standing sculpture. In 1931, Smith had already begun attaching objects to the surface of his canvas; the next year he also made some interesting "abstract" photographs, pictures of objects arranged in abstract and symbolic juxtapositions which were, in effect, photographs of sculptures which didn't yet exist except in the camera eye. The idea of iron construction and welded-metal images freed him from the built-up canvas and the camera, and thereafter Smith was on his own.

There are echoes of Picasso and Gonzalez in Smith's work for a long time to come, but sooner or later they dissolve in the unique synthesis of his own art. Moreover, in his work of the thirties Smith sometimes used the iron and steel construction for purely nonobjective purposes. He did not do this exclusively or all at once; he continued to dwell (and still occasionally does) on figurative themes together with purely abstract conceptions. Nor was he the first, of course, to construct nonobjective images in iron; the Russian Constructivists had done this during the First World War. Yet in bringing the figurative iron construction of Picasso and Gonzalez—for even at their most abstract, the iron constructions of Picasso and Gonzalez were still figurative art; Gonzalez in particular never made an iron construction that wasn't a figure or a head—in bringing them into the same universe of discourse with the nonobjective art of the Russians and with nonobjective painting, Smith generalized and enlarged the genre. In effect, he restored the Constructivist idea to the Cubist tradition, which

David Smith: "Medals for Dishonor," 1937-40



*Private Law and Order Leagues.*



*Medal for the Fourth Estate.*



*Sinking Hospital and Refugee Ships.*



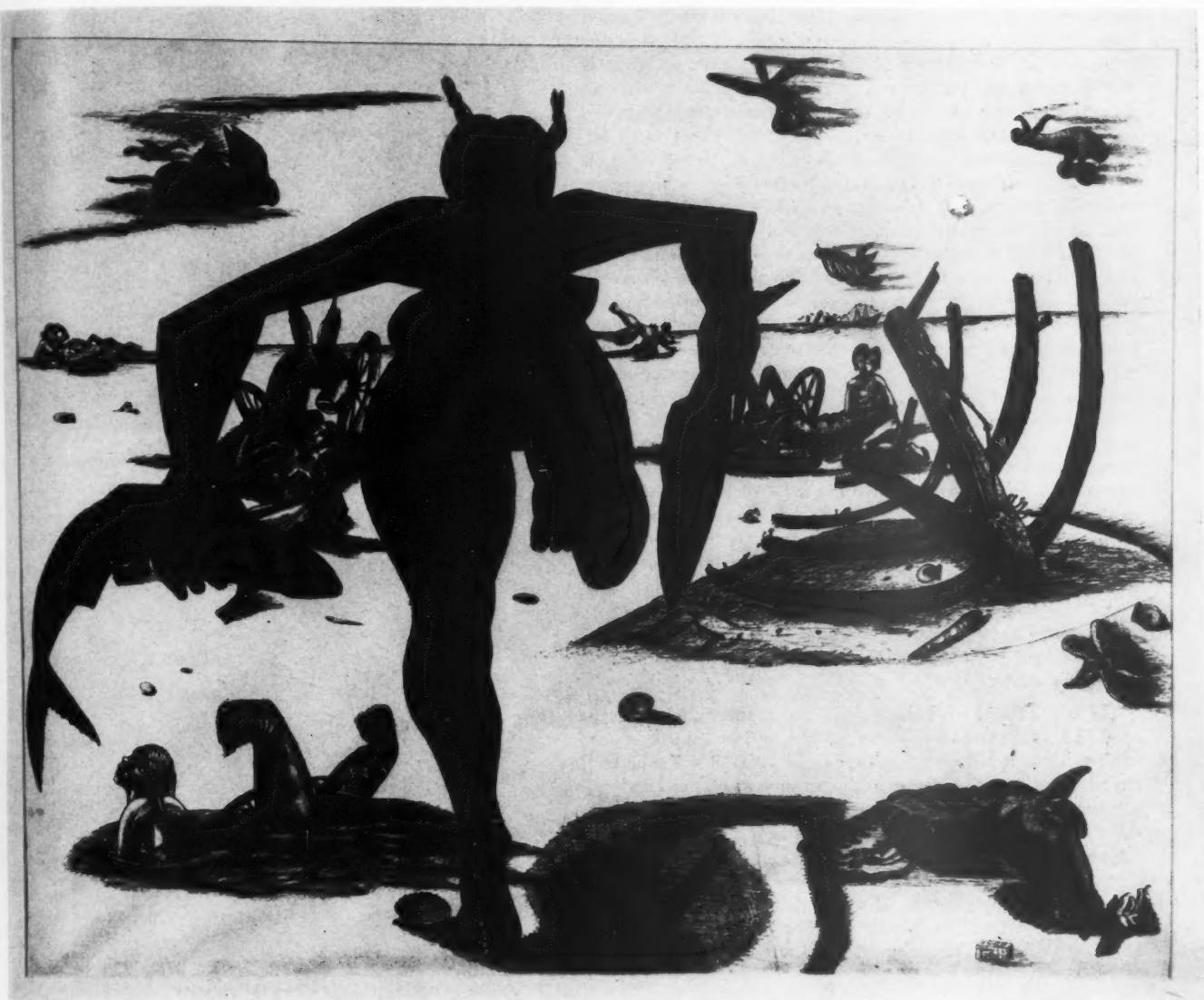
*Co-operation of the Clergy.*



*War-Exempt Sons of the Rich.*



*Death by Bacteria.*



*The Italian Theme* (1942); collection Douglas Crockwell.

had spawned it in the first place, and then threw in the Surrealism of his own generation for good measure. Once this synthesis was achieved, Smith moved freely in and out of figurative and nonfigurative modes; heads, figures, landscapes, animal images, mythical and Surrealist fantasies, the symbolic anecdote and the purely formalistic conception were all available to his medium. There was, to be sure, an element of pastiche in some of these works, but unlike Gorky, say, or the later Nakian, Smith is fundamentally not a pasticheur but an original imagist who uses his own experience as a brake against the inclinations to exalted poetry which have made both Gorky and Nakian the victims of their own ambition.

IF ONE dwells at some length on this background of the impulses and sources of Smith's work in the thirties, it is because the mold of his personality as an artist was set then, in the crucible of that misjudged decade, and also because he produced his first masterpieces at that time. Among these I would include the two *Heads* of 1933; the *Reclining Figure* of 1936;

four works from 1937: two abstractions, *Unity of Three Forms* and *Structure*, the *Vertical Figure* in the collection of Clement Greenberg and the *Drummer* in the Baltimore Museum; the superlative *Leda* of 1938; and the *Structure of Arches* (like *Leda*, in the collection of Douglas Crockwell), *Vertical Structure* and *Ad Mare* of 1939. These sculptures are small in scale compared to the dimensions in which Smith has been able to work since; *Drummer* is fifteen inches high, *Leda*, eighteen and a half inches, and so on. (A number of Smith's recent steel constructions are eight and nine feet tall.) Yet they set forth the range of his interests, the inclination to the baroque at one extreme and to the geometrical at the other, and they also disclose in clear terms the nature, if not yet the full scale, of his style.

We have gotten in the habit of calling this style "drawing in space," a useful epithet in some respects but one which leaves out the constructive element. A clumsier definition such as "the art of drawing an image in open space by means of constructing slender masses" might be more accurate, if less elegant. This is, after all, an art different from drawing and painting on a flat surface, and it is again different from the carving

## David Smith

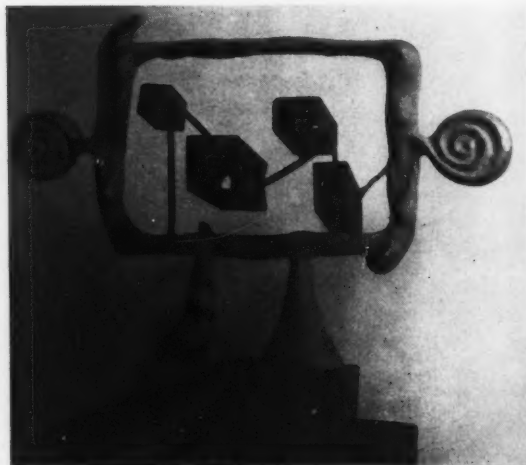
or modeling of a monolithic image. Nor does the other common designation of "open-space sculpture" represent more than the beginning of a definition of its radical difference. What is special about this particular genre is that, unlike a painting or a drawing or a monolithic sculpture, it is not something we see around, but *through*. It does not focus our attention by obstructing a view of what is beyond it, but on the contrary, it draws strength from the fact that it absorbs what is beyond or behind into itself, that it becomes a locus of visual concentration and generates its symbolic emotion *in the midst* of its surroundings and not in spite of them. It is rather more genial and sociable—closer to life, if you will—than most observers have led us to believe. It is for this reason, too, that even Smith's greatest works always look a little wounded when seen only in museums and galleries, which tend to be barren of anything that could properly be called life. The kind of open-space sculpture which looks best in the emotional vacuum of a contemporary museum is the sort which actually involves the "carving," as it were, of an imaginary monolith—constructions in which linear masses form the outline of an image which the eye is expected to *fill in* for itself. We see a lot of this in museums and galleries today; it is the work of academic minds disguising themselves as advance-guard. Smith's work is the opposite of this. His constructions are more literal and syntactical. Open space is not the grammar but the rhetoric of his style, and where this rhetoric is reduced to the stylish hush of a clean, white, empty room, his work tends to have a silence which is quite different from the sociable eloquence it commands in a less pious atmosphere.

The implications of Smith's sculptural grammar were developed in a fuller and more complicated way in his work of the forties; his style blossomed in the period 1945-49, when he had already established his house and workshop at Bolton Landing, and the two years 1950-51, when he was freed of teaching and other jobs by a Guggenheim grant, represent a creative plateau comparable to the greatest periods in modern sculpture. Before going on to this work of the forties and fifties, however, it is important to take note of a completely different series of works Smith created in the late thirties: the "Medals for Dishonor," 1937-40, exhibited at the Willard Gallery in the fall of 1940.

In 1935-36 Smith traveled in England, France, Greece and Russia. The art of the past he saw in Greece, on the island of Crete and in the British Museum—Greek, Egyptian and Sumerian—as well as his experiences in Paris and Moscow, was decisive in affecting the work he did on his return. This was also the period of the Spanish Civil War, and of *Guernica*. It was a moment when Smith fully acknowledged his identity as a sculptor; painting thereafter became an adjunct to sculptural conceptions. In a sense, the intricate amalgam of aesthetic and political ideology which he formulated for himself in those years—the curious blend of Cubism, Surrealism and Constructivism with Leftist and pacifist loyalties—has continued to be the principal motive of his outlook as an artist and a man, but in the "Medals for Dishonor" Smith addressed himself to this ideology in a more concentrated and didactic fashion than he had ever done before or has ever done since.

The medals are small bronze plaques—fifteen in all—on which a kaleidoscopic narrative, political and pacifist in substance and Surrealist in style, is carved with an intense, finical care both for realistic details and the angry, symbolic message. Their titles—*Death by Gas*, *War-Exempt Sons of the Rich*, *Sinking Hospital and Refugee Ships*, etc.—remove any ambiguity about their meaning; and in any case, Smith wrote a detailed commentary on the imagery of each medal for the catalogue of the 1940 exhibition. These plaques were the work

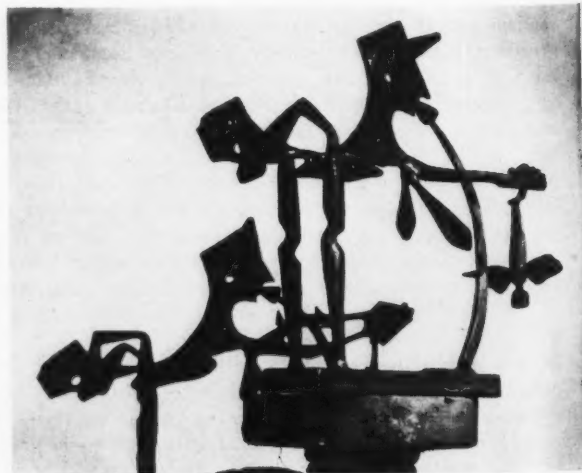
## Sculptures of the 1940's



*Widow's Lament* (1942); 20 inches, steel and bronze.



*Construction with Cheese Clouds* (1945); 16 5/16 inches, steel.



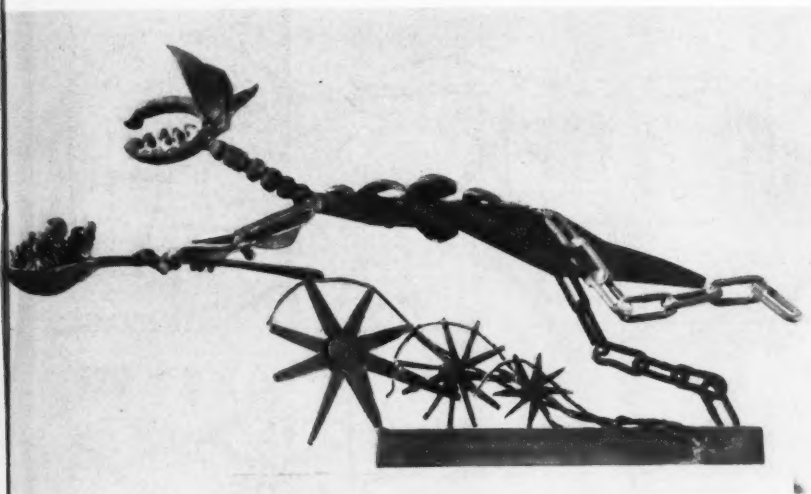
*Specter of Mother* (1946); 20 3/8 inches, steel.



*Head* (1945); 10 inches, steel.



*Landscape with Strata* (1945); 17 inches, steel, bronze and stainless steel.



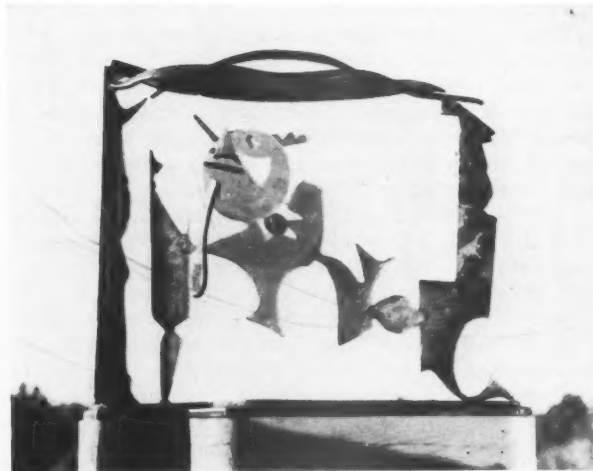
*Race for Survival* (1946); 18 <sup>3</sup>/<sub>8</sub> inches, steel.



*Dancers* (1943); 11 <sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> inches, steel.  
Willard Collection.

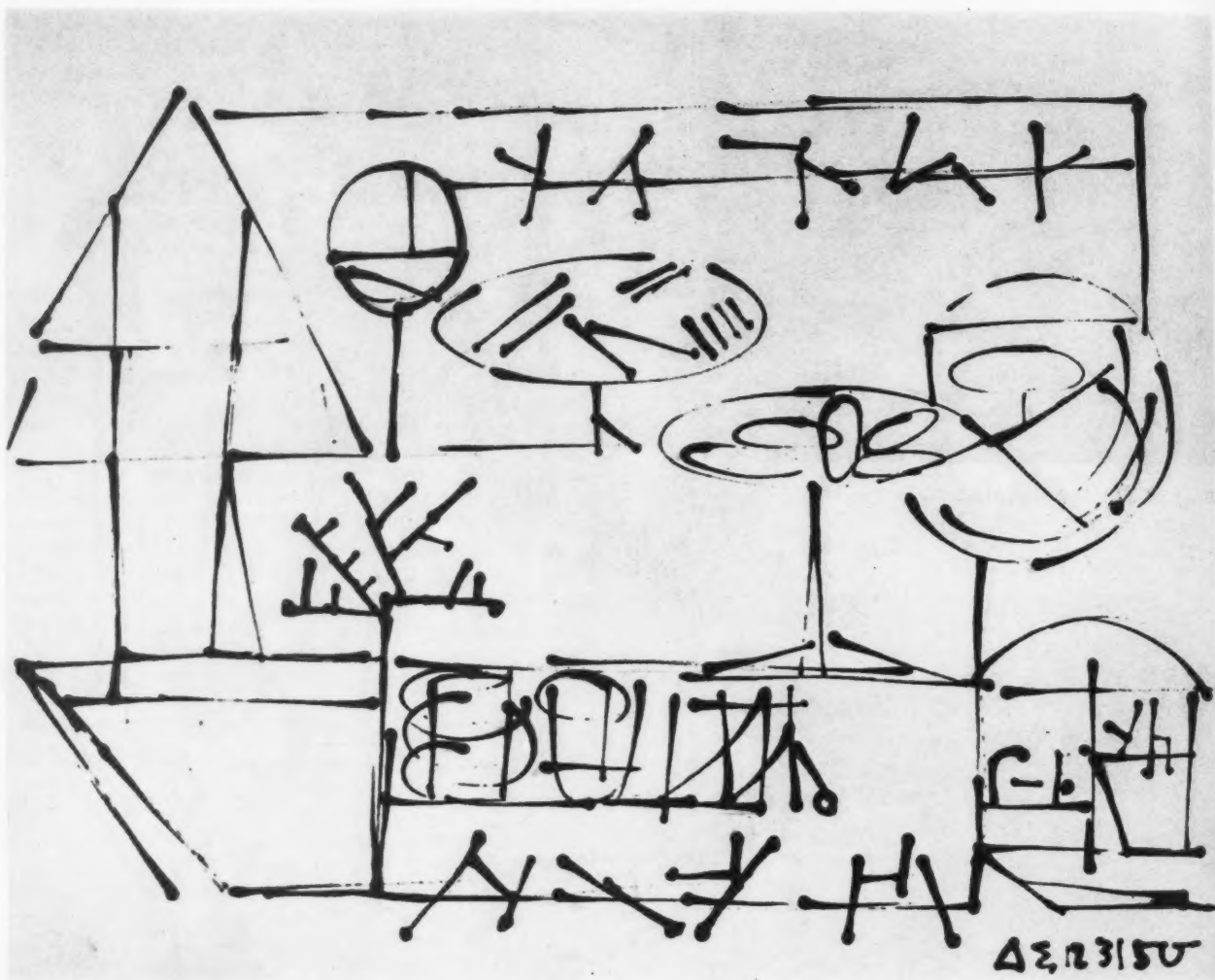


*Low Landscape* (1946); 8 <sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> inches, steel, bronze and silver.  
Collection Robert Gwathmey.



*Helmholtzian Landscape* (1946); 15 <sup>5</sup>/<sub>8</sub> inches, steel.

## David Smith



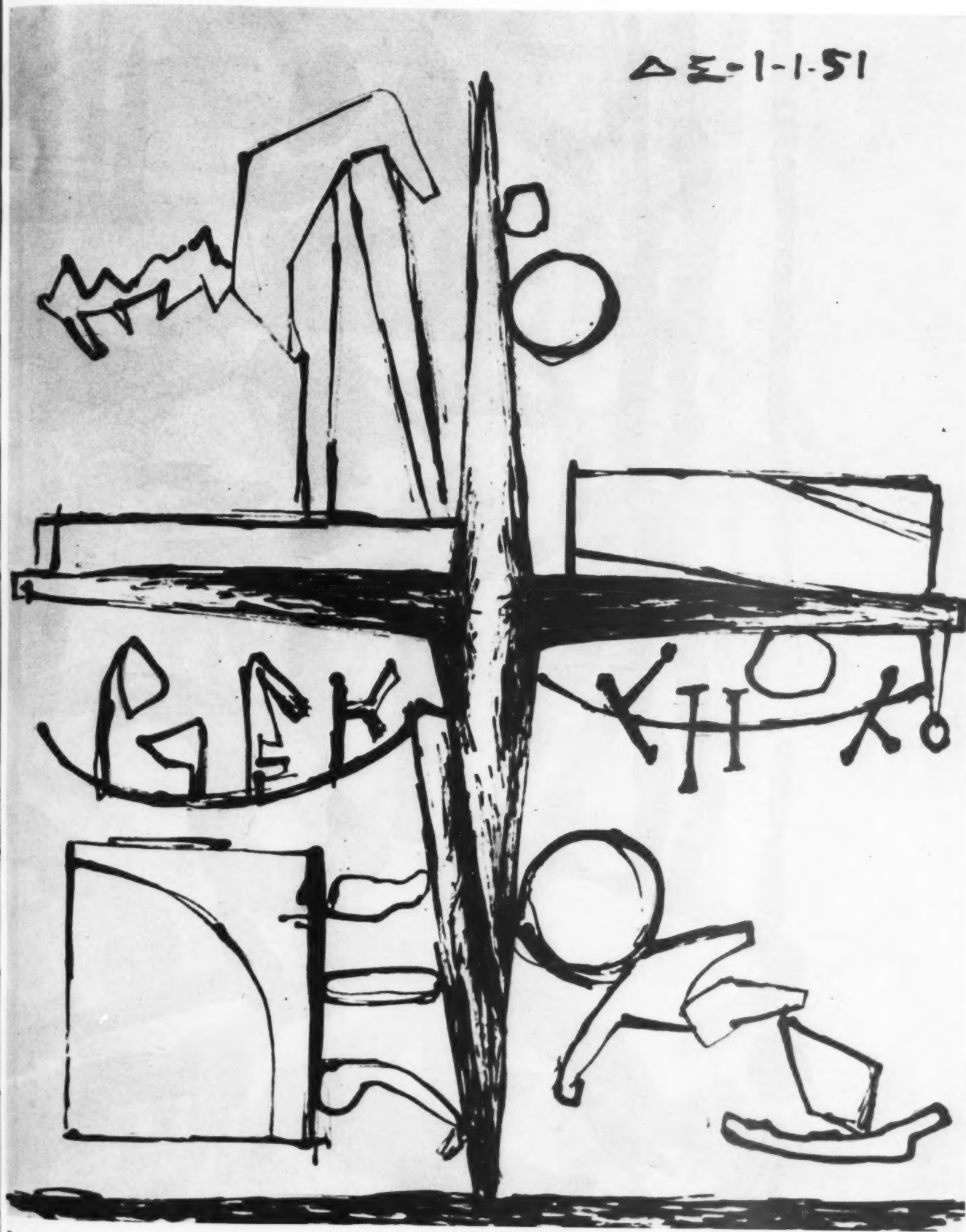
Drawing (1950).

which gained Smith a reputation for a while as a Social Surrealist, and it is worth noting, I think, that the Surrealist element endowed them, even in the grip of social outrage, with a poetry of human impulses which preserves their interest for us today. Surrealism was a medium—at least Smith's version of it was—in which irrational political violence could be related both to the hypocrisy of the social order and the primitivism of the private ego. Pacifism and eroticism combined to evoke a unified archetypal imagery which indicted current history at the same time that it projected a terrible and universal poetry.

The "Medals for Dishonor" are monolithic reliefs and therefore technically removed from the open-space constructions Smith made in the thirties, but their motifs prepare us for that repertory of images—specters, laments, races for survival, sinister birds and preying insects—which was to dominate Smith's constructions during the war and just after. These constructions look forward, stylistically, to the great open-form compositions which have dominated Smith's production from the late forties to the present moment, but their iconography looks back on the political concerns of the thirties and the war. It should be remarked that it was through this iconography that his sculpture passed on its way to a more ambitious

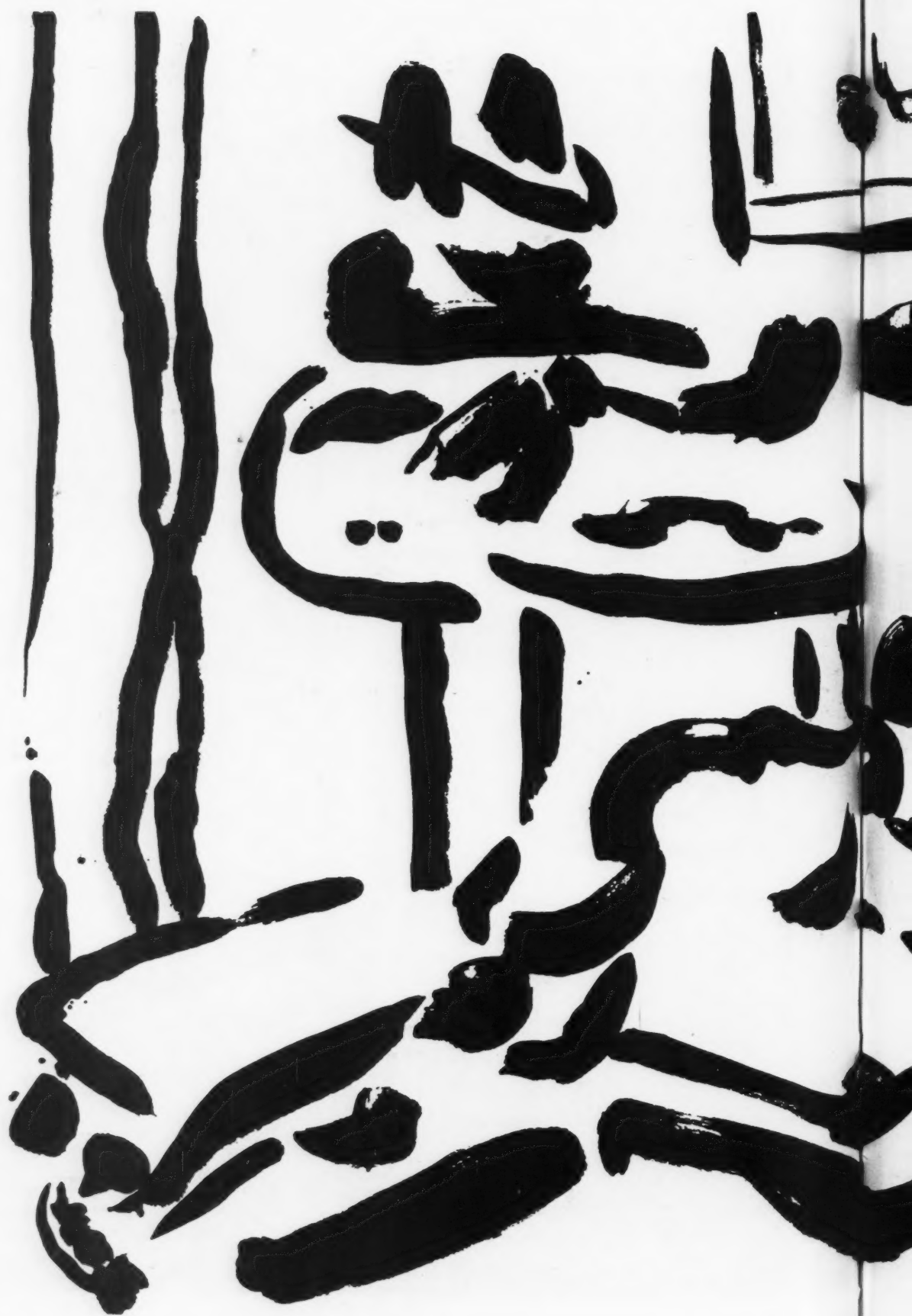
formality; as often (or always?) happens with an intensely conceived formalism, an explicit subject lies buried in its innermost core.

Out of the war years, too, and in the period, after the war, of Smith's settling into regular work at Bolton Landing, come the more lyrical and homely themes which gradually replace the terrible imagery of the "Medals" and the "specters"—themes of domestic life and landscape images, personal and unexalted subjects drawn from life and used for a grander and more equable style. There was also a satiric side to this change, represented by *Pillar of Sunday* and *Home of the Welder* (both 1945), which show a sarcasm gentler than that of the political works. And there was something different, too, in the workmanship of the sculptures Smith made just after the war, a scrupulous attention to details and small forms, an exactitude and perfection of parts, a sacrifice of spontaneity in the interest of having every element in a work function in the most rational and intentional order. It was a period in which a tighter, more formalized tendency was replacing the iconographic wildness of the preceding works, when the anecdotal subject was more swiftly and more definitely sacrificed to the urge to abstraction. Put another way, with the end of the forties came the end of explicit Surrealist elements in



Drawing (1951).

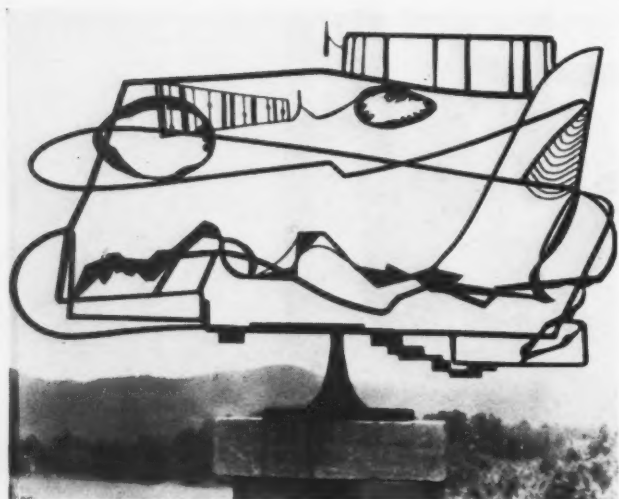
David Smith



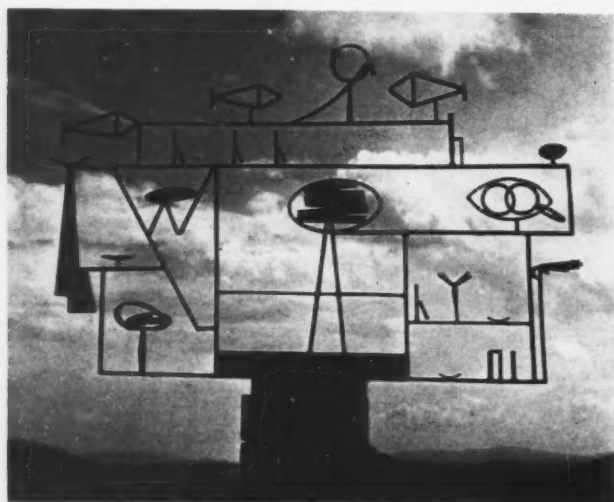


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## David Smith: Sculptures of the 1950's



*Hudson River Landscape* (1951); 49½ inches, steel.  
Whitney Museum Collection.



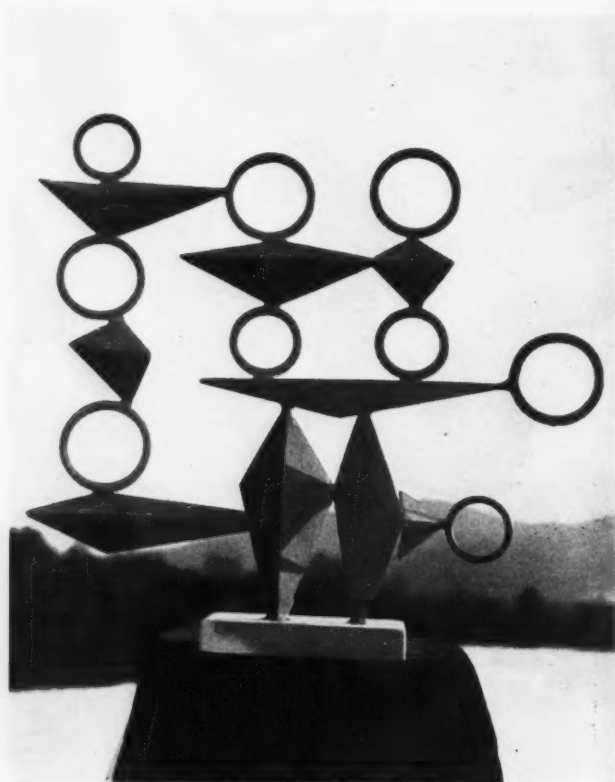
*The Banquet* (1951); 53⅛ inches, steel.



*Three Tank Totems* (1953); 92 inches, steel.



*Agricola VI* (1950); steel.



*Circles and Diamonds* (1951); 30⅞ inches, painted steel.

Smith's style. There has remained, I think, an implicit Surrealist touch in everything Smith has done in the last decade, from the "automatism" of his numerous drawings to the large geometrical constructions, which suddenly at times take on the look of mysterious, symbolic personages—but it remains now an implicit, unconscious, fully assimilated element, and completely at the mercy of stronger and more effective ideas.

**W**RITING in *The Nation* in January, 1946, Mr. Clement Greenberg remarked about Smith's style that its "point of departure was usually anecdotal but the result highly abstract. A unity of style was achieved that did not inhibit extravagance but inevitably controlled it—generally toward 'geometricity,' precision, clarity." In this comment, which describes very exactly the direction in which Smith's art was moving, Mr. Greenberg anticipated the great works of the early fifties—works such as *Australia*, *Hudson River Landscape*, *The Banquet*, the *Agricola* constructions, *The Fish*, *Blackburn—Song of an Irish Blacksmith*, the early *Tank Totems* and many others (Smith's production really began to be enormous at this time) which have a clarity of syntax and image, a fullness of statement with an economy of conception, which mark them as one of the singular achievements of modern sculpture as a whole. Mr. Eric Bentley once commented—he was speaking of Eugene O'Neill—that "What Europeans call the 'American' style—i.e., the 'tough' style—operates chiefly as an ironical mask for sensitivity." Something like this has always been true of Smith's tough-minded work, and it has not always worked to his advantage; one feels at times that a certain revenge is being taken on his own sense of delicacy in the name, perhaps, of energy or power or manliness. I think Smith's sculpture of the early fifties derives some of its extraordinary character from the degree to which it represents a perfect equation between his sensitivity and toughness without recourse to irony or sarcasm or violence as a catalyst. It has a classical temper which speaks for a confidence and certainty about its aims. There is nothing tentative or merely assertive here, nothing faked or weak-willed. A kind of metaphysical calm hovers over this work, different in its quality from what precedes and what has followed.

Nor did this classical temper impose any uniformity of image or idea; on the contrary, it is as if every motif and expressive idea Smith had ever had in embryo came to maturity in these fertile years. There is a range and diversity of forms in Smith's work of the early fifties which is not equaled by the art of any other sculptor of the same period, either here or abroad. The iconographic divisionism of *The Banquet*, the baroque and exalted lyricism of *Australia*, the pastoral vigor of *Hudson River Landscape*, the subtle economy and wit of the *Agricola* pieces, the monumentality of the early *Tank Totems*, and, throughout, that phenomenal precision and clarity of which Mr. Greenberg spoke confer on each statement the kind of inspired finality we associate with a great statement.

It should be remarked that this "finality" is probably of more interest to us than it is to Smith, who has always been reluctant to make any hard and fast distinctions between his successes and his failures. His fecundity often precludes the necessity of having to choose between better and lesser works from his own production, and his very copiousness has frequently turned a failure into a success before the eye (his or ours) has had the chance to judge it. Yet I think it is true now that as a rule—if one can ever postulate such rules—Smith's work succeeds where it is most free of sarcastic encumbrances, where its own inner calm takes it by the shortest conceptual route to a realization of nothing but itself. This



*Three Ovals Soar* (1960); 11 feet, 4 inches, stainless steel.

## David Smith: New Sculptures, 1957-59



*Albany I* (1959); 25 inches, stainless steel.



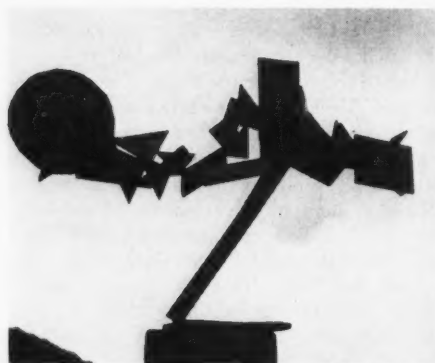
*Albany V* (1959); 23 $\frac{1}{8}$  inches, steel.



*Agricola XXI* (1959); 40 inches, steel.



*Head* (1959); 22 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches, steel and cast iron.



*Circle and Angles* (1959); 41 $\frac{3}{4}$  inches long, stainless steel.



*Tank Totem VI* (1957-59); 8 feet, 7 $\frac{7}{8}$  inches, painted steel.

was not always true of his work in the thirties and middle forties, but it seems to be true now. Part of this change is to be explained by the distance his work has traveled from an involvement with Surrealist ideas, which had a way of turning even commonplace jokes into interesting metaphysical paradoxes. In place of this comic duplicity out of Surrealism, a certain crackpot element has crept into some of Smith's humor, so that it has less of a tendency to refer to anything but its own private concerns—always a compromising fate for humor of any kind. But the major reason for this change is that Smith's hold on his own syntax is now so firm and hard and unyielding that his fantasy has almost no functions to perform. It has been reduced to pulling his leg (and ours) once in a while, when the grip of his clenched-fist seriousness relaxes; and it has less and less to contribute to his conceptual thinking. This means, I think, that there has been a loss in geniality and a gain in rigor.

Indeed, I suspect that Smith's new work, a large selection of which will be shown later this month at French and Co., will be thought far too rigorous even by the large audience which considers him our leading sculptor. The geometricity which Mr. Greenberg mentioned somewhat in a manner of speaking, using the word in quotation marks, in 1946, has taken over a good part of Smith's new production in the most uncompromising terms. And one might add that where his new work is not explicitly geometrical, it is put together as if it were. The margin of willfulness and extravagance has been locked into the tight logic of a style which disallows anything like the baroque flourishes which used to be an engaging, if not altogether a necessary, aspect of his style. The relation of Smith's new work to the iron constructions of Picasso and Gonzalez from which he first took inspiration is not unlike that of Mondrian's late works to orthodox Cubist painting. The blood ties are there, but the artist is speaking a different language.

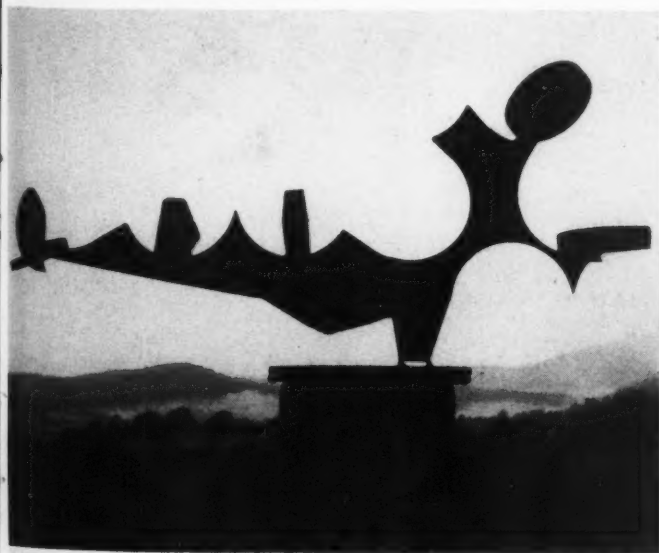
**I**T WILL put Smith's new work, as well as his past development, into perspective if we return for a moment to the comparison I touched on earlier, namely, with Giacometti and Moore. Moore was born in 1898, Giacometti in 1901 and Smith in

1906. Among sculptors their own age on the international scene, they are the three most important now living. Lipchitz is senior to them; Calder (the same age as Moore) has disqualified himself by the banality of his work in the past decade, and Noguchi (born in 1904) has diverted his energies into too many non-sculptural enterprises. For all three, the experience of Surrealism was in some way crucial but not sufficient.

For Moore, the Surrealist influence rescued him from a total absorption in primitive and archaic forms, which his work of the twenties reproduces brilliantly, and conferred on his work of the thirties a new way of realizing, rather than merely asserting, the emotions which most interested him. Moore came to primitive and archaic art by way of Roger Fry, and it was not until Surrealism unlocked his own urge to confront irrational feelings that he was able to animate the formal rigor he had learned from the art which Fry's writings laid before him. Surrealism represented everything Fry most detested: the confusion of life with art, the injection of nonaesthetic emotions into aesthetic conceptions. It was in the tension posed by this contradiction of loyalties that Moore created his truly original work of the thirties. For Giacometti, Surrealism functioned in a similar way. His father had been an Impressionist painter, he himself studied with Bourdelle and was much influenced by Brancusi. Surrealism—and, it should be added, Paris—gave him a weapon to use against this inheritance, and with it he arrived at those fantastic constructions which are among the most brilliant sculptures anywhere in the thirties.

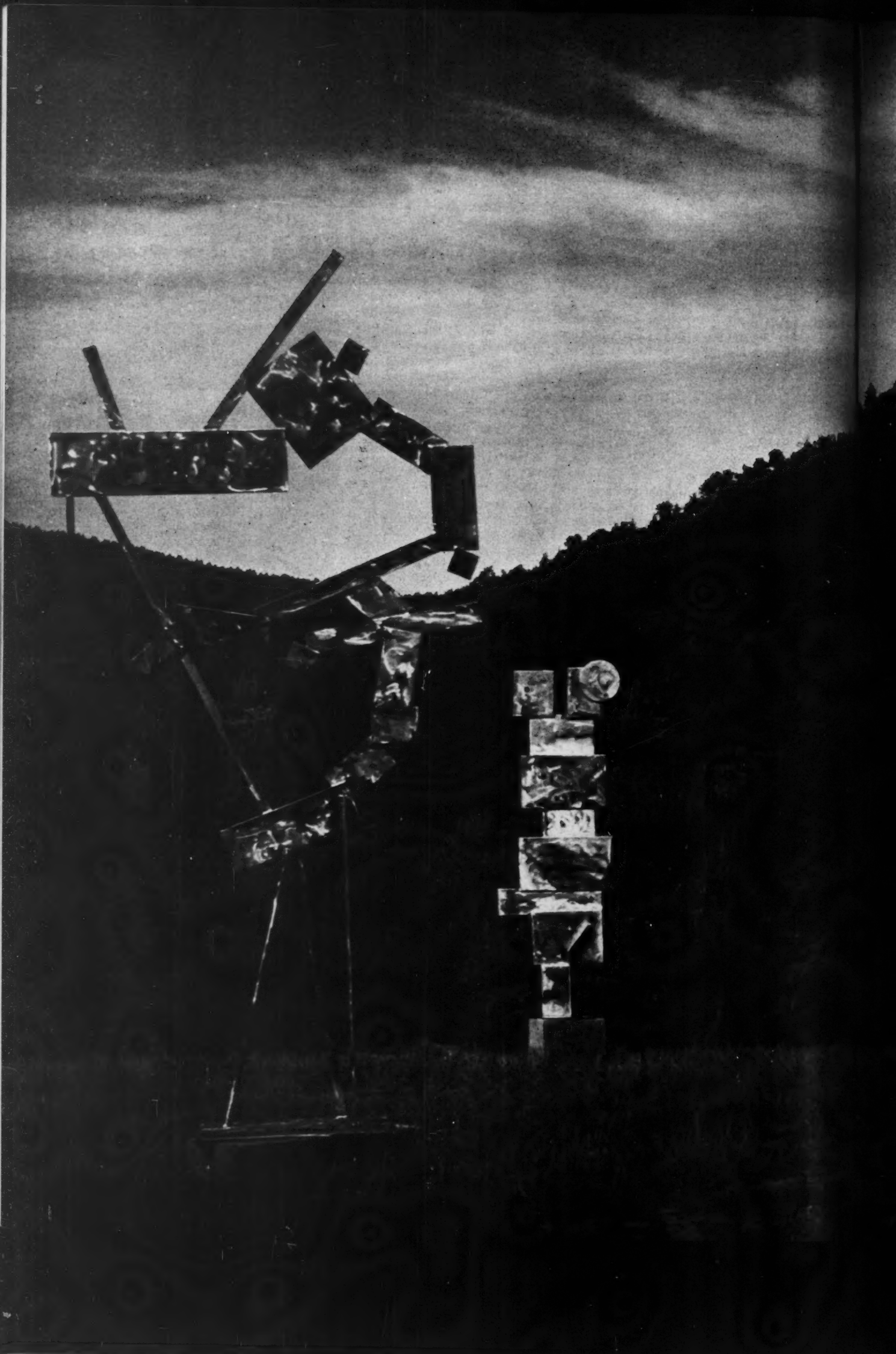
Whether it was the violence of the war, which exhausted so many of the feelings that Surrealism had claimed for exalted ethical functions, or for other reasons, neither Moore nor Giacometti—nor Smith—was ever again quite so committed to the Surrealist impulse as he had been in the thirties. Moore turned his attention to a kind of monumentalism of the figure of which it can be said, I think, that it used to be more interesting than it is now, and Giacometti became more and more absorbed in a smaller and smaller aspect of experience. I think Giacometti comes off better than Moore in the last decade because he has been able to endow his personal malaise with an urgency which speaks to us directly, which seems our own as well as his. If his art is wounded and fragmentary, if it seems to ache and suffer frequent crises, it corresponds to our own condition.

By comparison with that of his English and Parisian contemporaries, Smith's art boasts an extraordinary optimism. The conceptual vehicle for this optimism has been his affinity and loyalty to Cubism. The Cubist tradition in modern art is the optimists' tradition. It does not harbor anxiety, it is the enemy of metaphysical disquiet. It asserts its hegemony over experience. When Smith abandoned the Surrealist side of his temperament, the Cubist-Constructivist side took over in force and has carried him through the achievements of the last decade. Those ideals of freedom I spoke of earlier in connection with Smith's style of living at Bolton Landing represent the existential aspect of this optimism, and the Cubist ideology of his art represents its aesthetic aspect. In bringing them together in an ambitious and copious *oeuvre*, Smith is certainly unique in the art of our time.



*Animal Weights* (1957).  
Collection Joseph H. Hirshhorn.

Pages 42-43: Five sculptures, 1958-59, all stainless steel; left to right, *Twenty-five Planes*, 11 feet, 4¾ inches; *Eleven Books*, *Three Apples*, 7 feet, 9⅞ inches; *Three Circles and Planes*, 9 feet, 3⅞ inches; *Sentinel V*, 12 feet, 2¼ inches; *Eight Planes*, *Seven Bars*, 12 feet, 1½ inches.





# Notes on My Work

BY DAVID SMITH

I CANNOT conceive a work and buy material for it. I can find or discover a part. To buy new material—I need a truckload before I can work on one. To look at it every day—to let it soften—to let it break up in segments, planes, lines, etc.—wrap itself in hazy shapes. Nothing is so impersonal, hard and cold as straight rolling-mill stock. If it is standing or kicking around, it becomes personal and fits into visionary use. With possession and acquaintance, a fluidity develops which was not there the day it was unloaded from Ryersons' truck.

FOR BRONZE castings that are parts, although I have made the foundry patterns, I need this perceptual curing. Very often in bronze, the parts do not take their original order.

RARELY THE Grand Conception, but a preoccupation with parts. I start with one part, then a unit of parts, until a whole appears. Parts have unities and associations and separate afterimages—even when they are no longer parts but a whole. The afterimages of parts lie back on the horizon, very distant cousins to the image formed by the finished work.

THE ORDER of the whole can be perceived, but not planned. Logic and verbiage and wisdom will get in the way. I believe in perception as being the highest order of recognition. My faith in it comes as close to an ideal as I have. When I work, there is no consciousness of ideals—but intuition and impulse.

TO IDENTIFY no ideal—to approach each work with new order each time. I try to let no sequence or approach in daily living repeat from the day before, but like my work, my day can be identified by others. My rebellion is against putting on the right sock and punching time clocks. Mozart said after Opus 30 that he had seen the light, it would all be different now, but Opus 31 sounds consistent to me. The view is not so important, nor the ideal—but the inner conviction which sparks the drive for identity. To me apples are fruit—to Cézanne they were mountains.

MY SCULPTURE grew from painting. My analogy and reference is with color. Flash reference and afterimage vision is historied in painting. I chew the fat with painters. My student days, WPA days, Romany Marie and McSorley days were with painters—Graham, Davis, Resnikoff, De Kooning, Xceron, Edgar Levy, Gorky, Stella, etc. In these early days it was Cubist talk. Theirs I suppose was the Cubist canvas, and my reference image was the Cubist construction. The lines then had not been drawn by the pedants—in Cubist talk, Mondrian and Kandinsky were included.

PROBABLY what turned me most toward sculpture, outside my own need, was a talk with Jean Xceron walking down 57th Street in 1935, the day his show opened the Garland Gallery. That fall my wife Dorothy and I went to Greece.

MOST of my sculpture is personal, needs a response in close proximity and the human ratio. The demand that sculpture be

outdoors is historic or royal and has nothing to do with the contemporary concept. It needn't be outside any more than painting. Outdoors and far away it makes less demand on the viewer—and then it is closer in scale to the most vociferous opinion-makers today whose acquaintance is mostly from reproductions.

An exception for me started in 1957 with a series of stainless-steel pieces from nine to fifteen feet tall. They are conceived for bright light, preferably the sun, to develop the illusion of surface and depth. Eight works are finished, and it will take a number of years on the series to complete it. Stainless steel seems dead without light—and with too much, it comes car chrome.

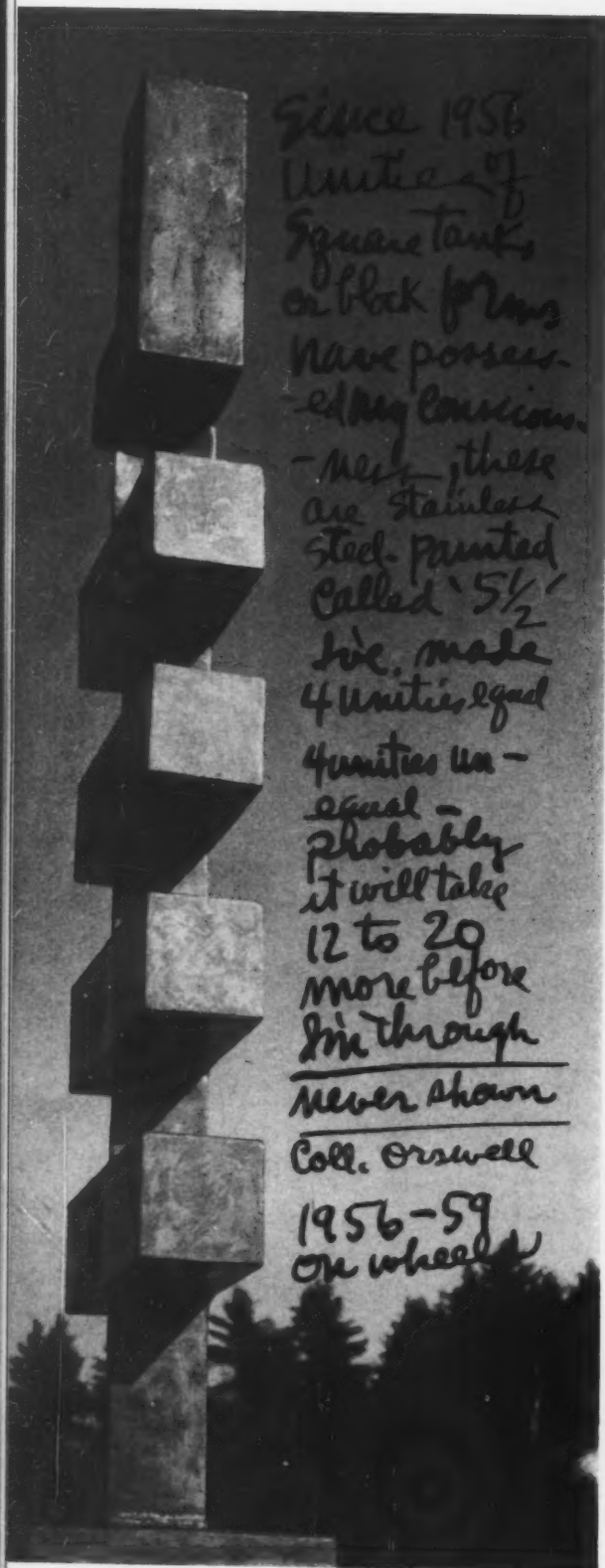
JAN MATULKA influenced me last and most as a teacher, yet Richard Lahey's encouragement after the first year of art school was decisive. I got anarchy and cones and cubes from John Sloan. John Graham means much to me, as he did to De Kooning and Gorky. He introduced me to Davis, Xceron, Gorky and to De Kooning, whom he presented as the best young painter in the U. S. He included us all in his book, *System and Dialectics of Art*, finished in 1936. In the beginning thirties we drank coffee and hung around together in New York like expatriates. Graham lived summers at Bolton Landing. His annual trips to Paris kept us all apprised of abstract events, along with *Cahier d'Art* and *Transition*. In 1935 we were both in Paris. His introductions and entry to private collections made my world there. On Bastille Day we all paraded with the Maison de Culture to Père Lachaise Cemetery. Though I often declaim against things French (except art and wine), Paris for a few months meant much to me. I was against the current desire of artists for expatriation. After going to the USSR and visiting Graham's former wife and children and Benno's sister, I matured enough to realize that no matter how inhospitable New York was to my work, my life and destiny and materials were here. I was also very bad at speaking French.

IN 1934 Graham had given me a Gonzalez, one of three he had bought in '28 or '29. These were the first Gonzalez sculptures in America I think. When we were in Paris in '35, he took me to Gonzalez' studio, but he had moved to Arcueil. I never met Gonzalez. Henri Goetz (American painter who lives in Paris), a friend of Herman Cherry, sent me photos and told me much about him. My first liberation toward iron, which I was acquainted with manually, was from Picasso's sculpture of '28-'29. At the time I did not know that Gonzalez had done the welding for him. Nor did I know when I saw the Gargallo exhibition at Brummer's that Gonzalez had taught him welding. Many of us now pay homage to Gonzalez. I often think about it, and wish Gonzalez, Gorky and Pollock could have had some of the homage sales during their lives.





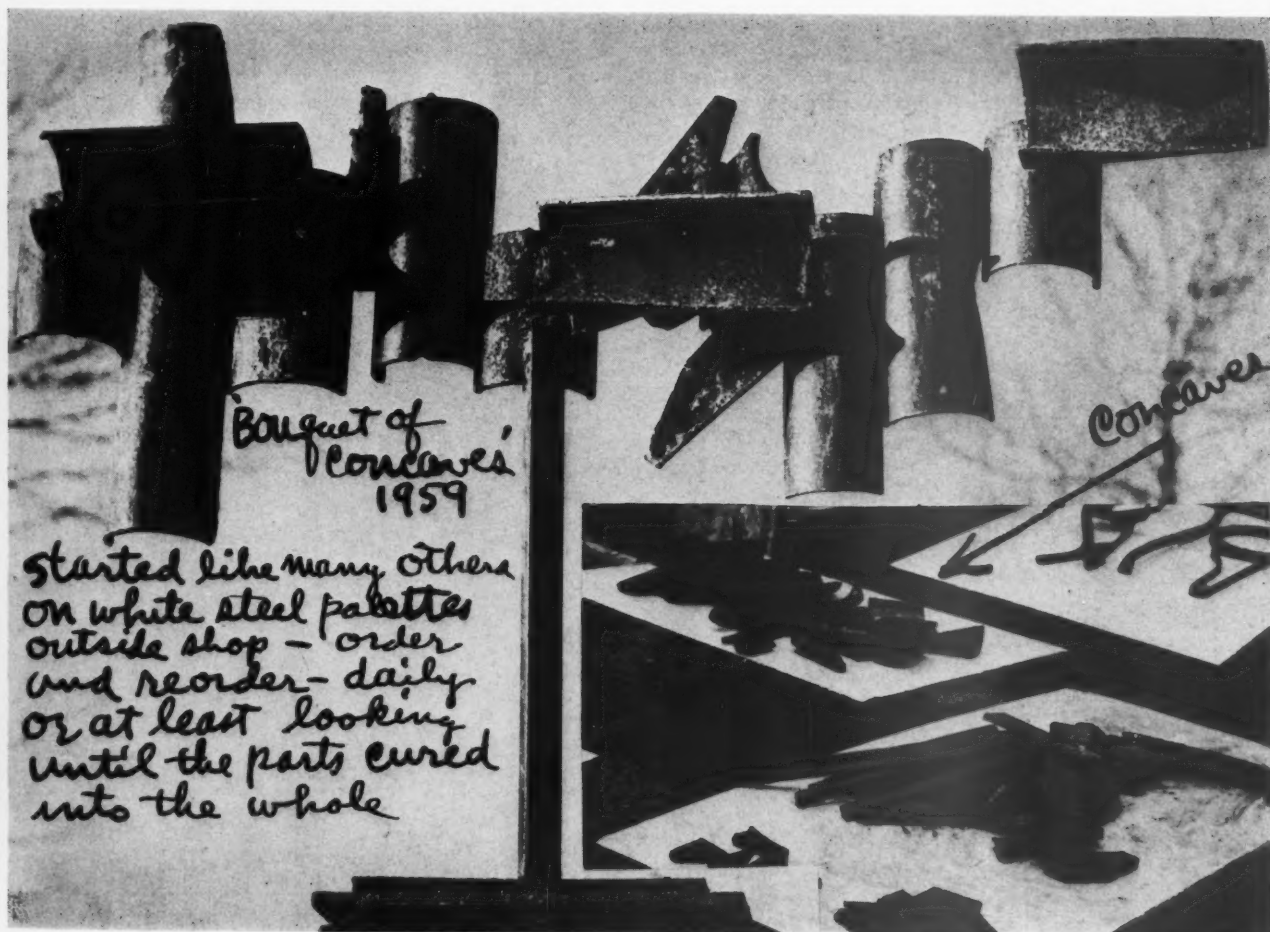
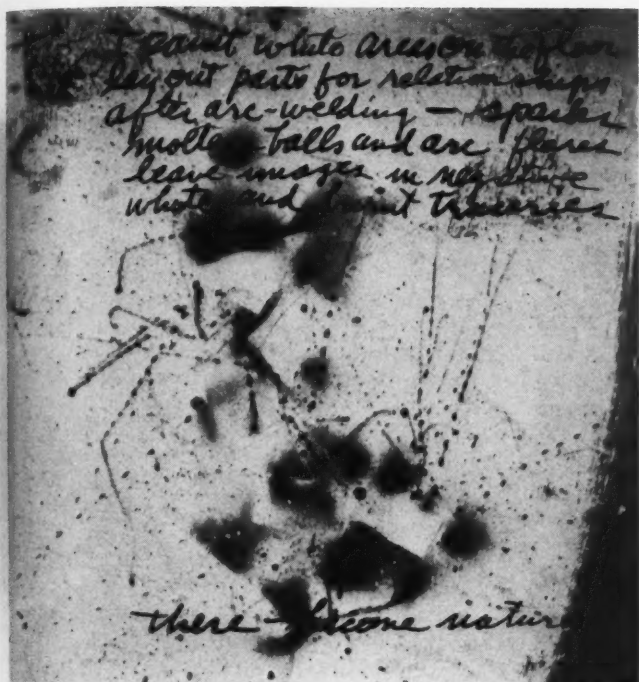
# David Smith: Notes on My Work





David Smith: Notes on My Work





# MONTH IN REVIEW

BY SIDNEY TILLIM

THE Artists' Gallery, which has provided a showcase for hundreds of artists since its inception, is observing its twenty-fifth anniversary year with an exhibition of paintings and drawings (January 30–February 25) by the seventy-five-year-old Austrian-born Expressionist, Hans Boehler, long a naturalized citizen of this country. It is a propitious event on a number of counts, not the least of which is the fact that the gallery opened its doors with an exhibition of Boehler's work. Then there is Boehler's painting itself, a brilliant accomplishment stretching across the past fifty years in this discursive retrospective. Finally, of particular importance to criticism, there is the significance of his Expressionist realism to a critical period in American painting.

Boehler has been painting figures, landscapes and still lifes all his painting life, and, having ridden out the fluctuations of taste and markets, he would seem to have arrived at an acute historical position. For the so-called crisis of abstraction is as much the crisis of a re-emerging realism and, more precisely, how to paint it. Our much-discussed new realists—our Parks, our Diebenkorns and Bischoffs—who have cast off abstract imagery seem loath to vacate abstract technique—which leaves their realism as yet curiously disengaged from a truly observed environment. But Boehler's *tradition* ratifies his contract with form and color which generalize the figure and ground as much as our new painters do. I mean by this only that he has never imposed on his art an ambition it could not support. His work belongs at once to the past that nurtured Kokoschka, Klimt and

Schiele in Vienna, where they were all friends and contemporaries, and to the present that is drawn to Austrian and German Expressionism as a rationale for its renewed embrace of the phenomenal world.

In this respect it is interesting to observe Boehler's development as it is reviewed in these works, which date back to 1910. For after a rather timid exploration of Expressionism largely in terms of color, which gleams fitfully from a small canvas, *Santos* of 1913, he withdrew from the impermanence implicit in a more emotional expression to view with detachment the enduring qualities of form. His paintings of the twenties disclose a discerning formalism which, despite their sense of mass, is closer to the Nabis than the Secession, the group with which Boehler exhibited in 1908. His thickly painted surfaces slantingly brushed employ ochers, smoky maroons and green earths to extract the essential volumes of his figurative material. *Spanish Landscape* (1928) is very nearly a Morandi, and *Conversation* evokes a Neo-Classical setting of two women significantly painted in a hushed, sculptural style. Boehler's seeming defection from the Secessionist cause can be explained in great measure by his studies with the pointillist painter Jashcke, the fact that he traveled extensively after 1910 to the Orient, South America and the West Indies, and, of the most fundamental importance, the visual conditioning he undoubtedly experienced at home. For Boehler's father was a famous silhouettist.

This may also explain why Boehler waited until 1957 to paint a *Salome*—which, as Alfred Werner has pointed out, was a favorite subject of the Austrian Expressionists. For it would seem that until his wanderlust had subsided, and until he settled in America, a controlled painting style provided the still point in Boehler's much-turning world. Then, thousands of miles from his apparent inspiration and more than forty years later, he dispenses with the muted monumentality of his style and begins, as it were, to repaint Expressionism from memory,



Hans Boehler, *The Gossips* (1958); at Artists' Gallery.



Boehler, *Conversation* (1927); at Artists' Gallery.

simpler than the original but buoyant with rebirth and intoxicating in its lushness.

A good deal of Boehler's work was lost during the last war when the studio which he maintained in Vienna (cheap, he explains, at five or six dollars a month; but obviously the ties go much deeper as the work since the forties proves) was destroyed during an air raid. A gap of fifteen years separates *Azaleas* of 1932 and *Fury* of 1947, but the titles themselves convey the extent of what transpired during the interval. Boehler had often used a kind of Fauvist color in his formal style, which had finally acquired something of the compact shorthand of similar De Staëls, but now pungent reds, greens, oranges, salmon pinks and raspberries convert his figures, his prevailing theme of the last few years, into heated patterns—which, it may be suggested, do not necessarily represent a

response to the subject matter *per se*. In fact Boehler's recent work continues to express his reverence for Neo-Classic models. *Echo*, for instance, suggests Ingres in the stylized pose of the model, and *Danaë* and *Three Graces* are essentially figure paintings in a studio tradition which has simply moved outdoors. What spares them from obsolescence is their eternal youthfulness. *Salome* is seen as a nymph and her father as something of a lecher—a juxtaposition which reappears in *Summer on the Hudson*, where two inflammatory Susannas are observed by an elderly Peeping Tom. His themes repeat themselves, but his women grow younger. The early *Conversation* is matched by a loosely painted group of *Gossips* (1958), adolescents all, and the symbols of *The Jazz Age* are three Bardot types, *en costume*, exchanging trivialities. But not once does Boehler fail to observe the particularity of the figurative form, though his style has

## MONTH IN REVIEW

become more sweeping, more approximate and, one might say, more abstract; and he has never violated the unity of surface in his entire career. It is this renewed Expressionism within a formal concept consistent with prevailing models that makes his work meaningful to artists stumbling from the impasse of abstraction to a realism they are too eager for to fully understand.

**P**HILIP GUSTON's new show (Janis, December 28-January 23) was a confused one. It shared with abstract art in general a growing incomprehensibility even as it sought in an increasing complexity of pictorial elements the path to a richer experience. The restlessness which has infected Guston's style in two previous exhibitions was even more painfully evident here because in attempting to expand within a scheme that logically called for greater anonymity on the part of the artist, he has lost the motivation for painting abstractly at all.

Guston was a realist for many years and achieved his "liberation" by painting, if memory serves correctly, largely white, then pink-white abstractions which gravitated toward a center of interest, then broke under the stress of the internal conflict to produce muddy, skittish shapes huddled slightly off center. The early works, I like to think, were his most successful, for by submitting to intuitive configuration he found in the surface the unifying principle to replace the idealism of representation. It was a subversive form of geometry. That his values were Impressionistic promoted even a greater unity. But gradually there developed, out of the fear of boredom, perhaps, these symbolic oppositions of clustered forms which the present painting brings to their greatest degree of prominence. Most are given in dirty reds, whites and blues. Green is stated in uncompromised brilliance, and a few canvases attempt experiments with a few simple planes of color that only Mr. Janis' environment could save from being considered trivial. For the color has become less and less equivalent to the energy that is bursting his forms from within, dissolving his planimetric unity by casting jagged planes and forms, trailing lines like feelers into the unknown, through a space that in other works a sliding plane is slammed down upon like a hatch. There is, in



Philip Guston, *Painter* (1959);  
at Sidney Janis Gallery.

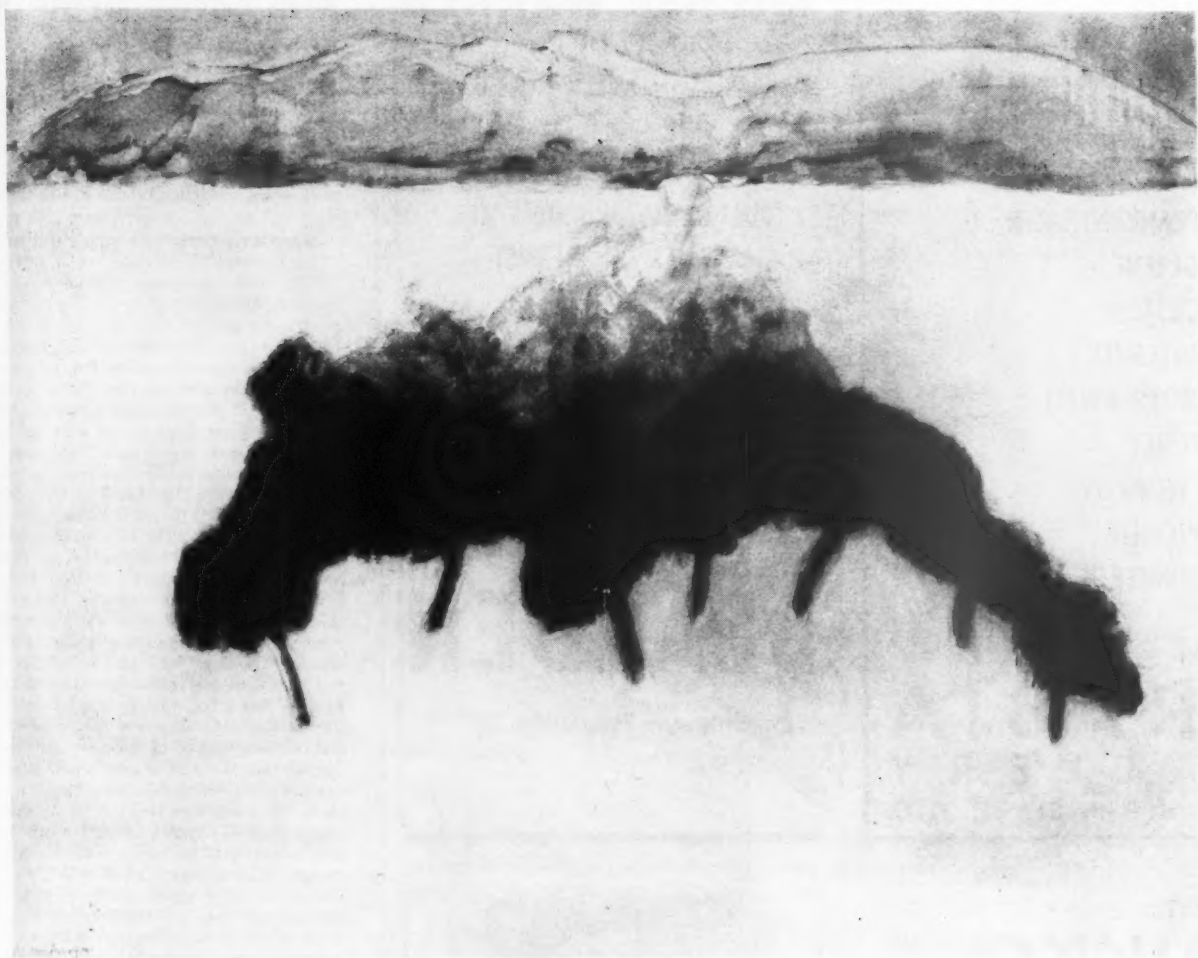
fact, an oscillation between composition and action which comes, I think, from an effort to graft symbolic meaning upon a style which can't face its formal commitment and can't reject it either. The result is that Guston depends increasingly on an "Expressionistic" character of strokes and forms, which tends to deepen the obscurity while it reveals his need to communicate, and intensifies the conflict between the need to progress and the negational aspect of having to keep his image abstract.

**M**ILTON AVERY's paintings (Borgenicht, February 3-30) are composed of so few formal particulars the wonder is that he can command the range of feeling and expression that he does. Perhaps the reason why his paintings are much more than shapes and colors existing on a flat surface is that, unlike so many of his abstract contemporaries, he never confuses his process with his subject.

Avery's style is, by now, well known. Basically it has the structural austerity of a Shaker chair, a functional art whose probity denies none of the sensory values of shape and color. As in the later works of Matisse, all superfluous detail has been radically dispensed with. These recent paintings, in fact, carry the process forward more radically than ever. You can't get less into a realistic picture than Avery does in *Rainbow*, where a yellow arc traverses a surface divided horizontally into red and orange areas, or, for that matter, in *Black Night*, where a ragged bar and dot of red electrify a soot-black surface. Generally all forms are given a single coat of flat color and submit the fate of their volumes to edges that bump the shapes of the ground lightly. They are spared the fate of mere rudimentariness, however—first, by having survived in so economic a concept, second, by being painted in a distant kind of Impressionism which supports them with a unique and strongly personal sense of color. *Spring Orchard* discloses lavender trees in a pink meadow, representing a reduction of color equal to that of shape and similarly an exaggeration of a local aspect. We are not, then, speaking of essences but merely the absolute minimum Avery requires for the manifest thing, the painting. We are drawn to the man's choices rather than his conflict.

All this doesn't mean we should ignore—as if we could—the tightrope act going on in his work, where a lapse in concentration tumbles him into the net of oversimplification, at which point a hint of the sensational is evident beneath the veil of exorbitant modesty. One such moment occurs in *Sandbar*, where both the charcoal ripples of low tide and the insular white shape of the sand bar seem to dare each other to exist on less than the picture requires. Which further suggests that neither should we ignore the impression such work is likely to have on an observer seeing it for the first time. Without previous exposure to Avery's mixture of puritanism and Impressionism, one is likely to consider the results lacking in ingratiating detail. However, the depth of an experience depends on the accumulation of stimuli, and, while the critic should not use the whole to justify the part, it is impossible to forget Avery's progression to this point. The observer must make contact with the reductive principle animating these paintings, and by comparing the physical truth of a particular appearance with the pictorial fact Avery has made of it, he will realize that Avery has caught the enduring quality of a particular occasion somewhat like Edward Hopper. But the critic should find in the last painting the trace material of each stage of the artist's evolution. Therein lies the measure of the artist's folly and daring.

**T**HE trouble with the exhibition of "Sixteen Americans," at the Museum of Modern Art (December 16-February 14) is that



Milton Avery, *Spring Orchard* (1959) : at Grace Borgenicht Gallery.

it confuses eccentricity with originality. Eccentricity is a pronounced tendency in a few of the works, less and much less so with the others. Still the impression is that "individuality" for its own sake is the common denominator, despite the presence of artists of obvious sincerity. The painters and sculptors conscripted for the occasion are J. de Feo, Wally Hedrick, James Jarvaise, Jasper Johns, Ellsworth Kelly, Alfred Leslie, Landes Lewitin, Richard Lytle, Robert Mallery, Louise Nevelson, Robert Rauschenberg, Julius Schmidt, Richard Stankiewicz, Frank Stella, Albert Urban and Jack Youngerman. One would like to thank the Museum and Miss Dorothy Miller, who selected the artists, for this latest in a series of group exhibitions intended to be informative to the public at large, but by acting as little more than a mirror for artistic temperaments that are not so diverse as they seem, they have been able, on the one hand, to wash their hands of the business of making value judgments while, on the other, they have exercised those bureaucratic prerogatives that have plunged our museums into a competitive search for new talent. We shall not pursue the issue of why museums have suddenly become status seekers.

Nor is there any point in attempting to describe most of the work except to observe that the artists, by association, are made to insist on individual mannerisms so strongly that a curious unity of taste and motivation obtains. Humor is jettisoned as art becomes messianic. "Only by chancing the ridiculous, can I hope for the sublime," writes J. de Feo in her statement. The only

man who seems able to keep inconsequence in its place is the sculptor Stankiewicz, the only one who communicates his triviality openly is Johns.

If the better artists are not implicated by association, they must withstand the exposure that results from being forced to match wits with their inferiors. The exhibition makes clear, for instance, how a sculptor like Miss Nevelson has moved from a sculptural experience to a kind of action construction, dependent on an ever greater profusion of cast-off pieces of wood, poles, boxes that go into her walls and columns and which demand increasing acreage. Her work, *Dawn's Wedding Feast*, was specially built for this exhibition and occupies an entire room. It is painted white—which effectively cancels out the reason for her previous works being painted black. The shortcomings of an artist like Kelly are similarly exposed, while on the other hand artists like Lytle and Schmidt, a painter and a sculptor respectively, are given credit for romantic and primitive distinctions when there is a surplus of such sensibility as it is. And so on.

If all this finally rubs off on the museum, it is because something like a power play is involved. The official disengagement from standards notwithstanding, Delacroix's quotation from Balzac appraises the situation *flagrante delicto*: "Power proves its strength to itself only by the strange abuse of crowning some absurdity with the palm of success, of insulting genius, the only strength absolute power cannot attack."

## Small Masterpieces

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## Margaret Breuning:

The West seen by Constance Richardson . . . Marie Paneth and the sense of magic . . . Dinnerstein's sober honesty . . . a new, personal note in Picken . . .

IN CONSTANCE RICHARDSON'S exhibition of landscape paintings she has created, in the scenes of the Far West, a world that few of us have ever seen, a world of vast, empty spaces, of illimitable horizons, of the fantasies of form in its eroded rocks. She has found light and color patterns exactly apposite to her themes, the evenly distributed radiance that bathes high altitudes, the salience of dark forms against pale skies. In *Bend of the Platte*, the contorted masses of rock that have diverted the current of the stream show not only the long attacks of wind and weather, but also some violent upheaval from the earth's caldron. *Wyoming Shepherd* shows the sharp-edged folds of the ledges winding up the mountainside forming deep paths for the shepherd and his flock—it is the glimpse of the snowy animals that gives scale to this tremendous vista. *Dakota Badlands* depicts a congeries of boulders that erosion seems to have turned into weird figures, like those of Disney Land. *High Wilderness* is a wilderness indeed, but one that will never "blossom like the rose"; its sharply cut, almost parallel trenches of stone on the mountainside might well be the top of the world. Less austere subjects are: *Summer Morning on the Platte*, the water shadowed by foliage, enlivened by two tall trees of bright yellow blossoms; or *Road to the Winter Range*, thickly massed trees descending to the roadway with sunlight illuminating the whole canvas. The prairie scenes, limitless stretches of flat lands, confirm the cowboy's epithet of the "Lone Prairie." Even the famous Oregon Trail hardly emerges from the thick growth of the sod. There are canvases of Quebec and New Mexico which display the same sensitiveness of observation and textural richness. (Kennedy, Jan. 16-Feb. 20.)

MARIE PANETH, a Viennese artist who has held two exhibitions previously in New York and is now an American citizen, is currently holding a large showing of her paintings at the Landry Galleries. Her work combines a high degree of accomplishment with originality of conception; a sense of lingering magic of the East, due to the artist's former long stay in the Orient, pervades much of the work. This influence is sometimes implicit; again it is most explicit, mingling the real and the unreal without much differentiation between them. She paints either in oils or tempera on boards, often combining her paintings with embellishments of gold leaf in the backgrounds. The mystery felt in much of the work can scarcely be defined, but in *Funeral Hearse* the macabre note is sounded throughout. It is a large, upright panel which seems to come toward the viewer with startling effect; a somewhat discernible dark head projecting from the white cerements and dark hands holding the reins of two horses are all in the general black and white pattern of the design, with the exception of a bunch of brilliant flowers in heavy impasto at the head of the casket. *Garden of Eden* practically fills the whole picture plane with densely crowded foliage in color, the roots of the trees resting lightly on, not under,

the ground. Two figures most incidentally included appear to represent good and evil, if symbolism is permitted nowadays. *Empty Theater* appears to be filled with revenants, the ghostly figures of former players here, not represented by eerie forms, but sound figures with a remarkable play of shadow and radiance on their heads and faces. *Chess Player* is rather on the macabre side, a dark hand protruding from a flowing sleeve over the chessboard, a dark head with unintelligible features dominating the background. Even such an everyday theme as *Woman Combing Her Hair* possesses a curious latency of mystery, the sculpturally defined figure and the brilliant color of the detail set against overlapping scales of gold leaf. Complete contrast is afforded by the painting of a *View from My Home*, in which a long stone house, set upon a hill against a pale sky above the green of the slopes below, forms the core of a charming bit of landscape with no shadow of morbidez over it. (Landry, Feb. 2-20.)

THE NEW exhibition of paintings by Harvey Dinnerstein appears to relate principally to scenes with which he was or now is familiar in Brooklyn or Long Island, presented with no dramatic accents or underlinings of sentimentality. Nor are they pure objectivity, for each painting reveals a quality of the artist's character in the rejection of unnecessary details or retention of what he considers essential. We have become so accustomed to paint-splashing on a large scale that these smooth surfaces and rather reticent color patterns, painted with a small brush, require adaptation of vision. Then it may be realized what tonal beauty many of them display—such as *Rainy Day*, with its nice graduation of dark notes and husky half tones all contributing to a harmonious design. The *Gowanus Canal* certainly appears a pedestrian theme, yet the artist has given it something of the character of a lagoon, hemmed in by buildings that possess a pleasing relevance to the whole design. The idealized figures on the steps of the brownstone mansion show the artist's grasp of bodily structure and its articulations, but the most impressive figure piece is the intense, dark *Rabbinical Student*. Some of the paintings are carried out directly on wood; the larger number, however, are executed on thin canvas with backing of wooden panels. (Davis, Feb. 16-Mar. 5.)

GEORGE PICKEN appeared to enter the Expressionist fold in his last exhibition; in his present one he employs this ideology but has developed it in a decidedly personal idiom that seems to reflect his individuality more clearly, both in choice of subject and in its treatment. Few of his canvases are outsized, none carried out by the drip system; rather the picture areas are filled with carefully integrated designs by broad brushing, the interrelated planes often suggesting Neo-Cubism in their shape and substance. Color is intense and varied, skillfully used to convey the artist's conceptions, often in decorative effects. In a few canvases Picken has retained a sense of depth, as in *Hilltop Pines*, in which tree boles with a scattering of lacy needles stand out against a definite horizon. Movement is implicit in many paintings, especially in *Expressway*, in which the rushing descent of torrents of vivid colors seems to translate not only the flashing motion of vehicles, but even their surging noise. Among the items which call for citation are: *Spanish Landscape, No. 2*, a long panel of brilliant colors, admirably resolved, in a Neo-Cubist phrasing; *Spring Thaw*, which melts before the viewer's eyes; *Sand*, an amorphous mass spread over the canvas in skillfully realized texture, with subtle incidences of underlying hues. (Rehn, Feb. 1-20.)



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Yektai, *Ilse and Still Life*;  
at Poindexter Gallery.

## IN THE GALLERIES

**Yektai:** The figure is a monolithic object which peculiarly affects the abstractive visual process, especially one like Yektai's which involves so much impulsive energy. His style, overrun by thick, torrential impastos as elegant as they are volatile, barely respects the shapes and edges of things. "Nature" here suggests a movement that attracts the gestural propensities of the artist. A newspaper, for instance, comes out looking like a curiously crumpled bedsheet; mashed into a plane, a still life becomes a landscape; the top and bottom of the picture are the only horizons respected. To flatten everything is the way Yektai resolves the conflict of thinking in terms of planes and painting in terms of movement. His figures bring this problem to the fore, if only because the figure imposes a relationship that demands more from reason than, say, a tree. Hence, in his large portraits the figurative mass is intensified by the conflict between form and gesture, between thought and action. *Ilse and Still Life* focuses on the red of his wife's blouse, but it is the face that embodies the problem, since the smallest plane unlocks a gesture that is immediately involved with the adjoining one. The inevitable compromise is good for him, good for these works in which there are so many exciting passages—particularly in

several tomato plants in which form and movement are engaged as in the figures. Yektai continues to grow. (Poindexter, Feb. 9-27.)—S.T.

**Arthur B. Davies:** At first glance Davies (1862-1928) seems not to have participated deeply in the modernization of American art for which he—as a member of The Eight and president of the Armory Show—was partly responsible. His yielding to an imaginary vision of a landscape populated by female nudes with barely sufficient specific gravity to tie them to the earth ignores the "unpopular" everyday scenes of his more roughhouse contemporaries and the abstract revolution in Europe. In this discursive sampling of Davies' work there are numerous drawings of female figures in motion; set in a landscape these wood nymphs approach levitation, their anatomy distilled to quintessential shapes and values, pale, linear and luminously transparent, while the landscape becomes the place of allegory. Yet perhaps it is not too farfetched to suggest that Matisse may have inspired Davies in some respects. *Le Luxe* (1909), a painting of three flatly painted nudes in an almost featureless landscape, was shown in the Armory exhibition and seems echoed in a late work by Davies, *Against Darkness* (1923), in

which fifteen nude women are situated in a generalized landscape. The ethereal attitude that lent loftiness to a number of pale landscapes is used to suppress any voluptuousness in his nudes. Society at the time, accepting him, may have thought him a polite if somewhat newfangled Neo-Classicalist. (James Graham, Feb. 2-Mar. 5.)—S.T.

**Juan Gris, Jacques Lipchitz:** The friendship between Gris and Lipchitz to which this exhibition is dedicated began in 1916. Aside from the personal affection in which both men held each other, it is obvious that the artistic basis of their friendship was firmly grounded in mutual interests and intentions; both men, involved in the Cubist revolution at the time, brought to it a love for clarity and conciseness of form as evident in the drawings and collages by Gris as in the five sculptures by Lipchitz. The exhibition also includes Gris's one real sculpture, a polychrome plaster *Harlequin* of 1917-18, a work at which Lipchitz assisted, "not with the creative part," as he remarks in his introduction to the exhibition, "only with the technical one." The other Gris works, from 1913, contain the familiar objects of his interest: bottles, glasses, guitars, the newspaper—*Le Journal*, which runs through most of the

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pieces—graphically varied each time and each time carrying a different visual weight in the total composition. They are all marvelously rendered—calm, concise, cool and perhaps a little dry. They do, I suppose, tend to make one think of Gris as the superb functionary of the Cubist rationale. It was a role, rendering clear the discoveries of Cubism, which the artist himself regretted. His own inability to accommodate the random, to make the free, startling, unauthorized gestures of his contemporaries, was one which caused him sadness throughout his career. But these works, I think, present him at one of his best and most ingratiating moments. The five sculptures in bronze and stone by Lipchitz, dating from 1916 to 1919, are particularly striking pieces. In retrospect, one can see in them, especially in *Half-Standing Figure* and *Man with Guitar*, how the Cubist style in itself was moving toward the open-form sculpture characteristic of today and characteristic of many of Lipchitz' later works. For although they each involve a monolithic mass, they invite space into themselves, in however limited a way. The whole substance of the figure is sliced open like a ripe fruit, and thick wedges of its mass are removed or displaced. The process, in each work, is one of remarkable and exciting precision. (Knoedler, Jan. 11-Feb. 6.)—J.R.M.

**George Overbury Hart:** The drawings, prints and water colors of this exhibition date from 1903 to within a year or so of Hart's death in 1933, and since his work is usually anecdotal a good bit of the romantic interest of this life is laid out here in a kind of interrupted picaresque. He arrived in Samoa the year Gauguin died, and his later travels included Tahiti, Iceland and Europe, especially Paris. It is more the fact of the traveling than the specific locales which affects Hart's work, for it is clear that not only his subject but his technique as well is filtered through a romantic self-image in which the traveling plays an important part. In the early water color called *Overlooking Stevenson's Grave* one senses the mood of the romantic exile. In such works as *Bathers*, an etching with aquatint done in the twenties but based on earlier water colors of native women bathing in a forest pool, the romantic mood is deepened by a mysticism which is lyrical and arbitrary, but neither didactic nor sentimental. Hart's style is always pictorial. At its best it reveals a troubled sensibility capable of mixing intimately with the objects depicted, especially landscapes. His handling of volume is good, and his line is frequently nervous and strangely elegant. But his style is variable and susceptible to the perversities of his self-image, as if the outcast dared not assimilate the classical models toward which he was so obviously drawn. There are many pieces in which an exciting passage is accompanied by one so gauche that there can be no doubt of the willfulness with which he opposed his own sensitivity. It is like Huck Finn quitting after a year at the Sorbonne; he has been fatally exposed and will always face two directions at once. (Zabriskie, Feb. 1-27.)—G.D.

**Lyonel Feininger:** Grandeur on a small scale hardly impaired the freshness of Feininger's water-color style. Given his means—clipped planes, exquisitely measured washes and the constant basting of his forms and spaces with extremely fine ruled line—Feininger achieved an extraordinary graciousness which, however, was not entirely free from the picturesque—the picturesqueness of a stylized Cubism, gratuitous planes and fusing spaces that envelop one in the atmosphere of tranquil tonalities. But this selection of water colors which date from 1922 to 1955 conveys the unending fertility by which Feininger transcended formula. The Gothicism that is so apparent in his oil paintings is utterly relaxed in these boats, buildings and skylines representing German villages in the twenties, San Francisco in the late

thirties and then New York. Feininger would, on occasion, resort to irregular free forms and clusters of freehanded strokes, but increasingly he poured more space into his style, floating a few simple washes and threading them with mobile edges. It is all fluid and light, yet firmly built. Nearly all the works are gems. (Willard, Feb. 5-27.)—S.T.

**Hans Hofmann:** This is the most vital, constructive, architectural Hofmann show yet seen. He is the youngest painter in New York. Theories have been thrown aside, at the same time that Hofmann's painting has become more geometrical. And he has become more geometrical at the same time that he has become more true to natural appearances. Two distinct groups of paintings represent 1959. Of them *Emerald Isle*, *Dance of Spring*, *Garden of Love* and *Surf* are the finest examples of feelings for observed nature made plastic, and *Pompey*, *Indian Summer* and *Cathedral* the finest examples of the plastic equivalents of a natural architecture. Never has Hofmann's color touched his form so completely; never has form seemed so the embodiment of color. And yet one must also say that Hofmann presently divides himself, is not so consistent with his long disaffiliation from the appearance of nature. Yet this is observed as a strong fulfillment, rather than a slackening of intention. Still, it is the geometric paintings that come off best in this show. They are supremely well made, a substantial and complete architecture in which the observer orients himself toward all of the most ambitious and optimistic impulses of man in the face of—in the teeth of—the natural world. As for paintings like *Surf*, *Above Deep Waters* and the rest of the first-mentioned—they are heir to all the ambivalence of decision that any painter of nature suffers. Even so, indecisive in some instances, lacking necessity sometimes, they too are the full works of a richly mature artist. (Kootz, Jan. 5-Jan. 23.)—A.V.

**John Chamberlain:** Three aspects are readily apparent in Chamberlain's sculpture: it is redundant; each contains a distinct structure; and it is colored. The folded sheet metal from automobile bodies is voluminous, apparently somewhat unmanageable, and constitutes an essential form that is less than its bulk requires. It is grandiloquent, proliferating exhaust pipes, rods and billows of metal, exceedingly keen on remaining junk, and proud to be confused with an ordinary wreck. The verbosity implies the inexhaustible supply of material. The knowledgeable but not unusual organization is often fan-shaped, or of a self-enclosing kind, epibolic, occasionally spreading at the top somewhat, as if winged; *Reducing*—dark green, the rust, and orange—fans outward in three folds from its base. Here, as in most of the works, a disengaged strip provides a linear contrast, a necessary one and one that needs to be increased; its minor role verges on the adventitious. This open, narrow part is similar to the main ones of David Smith's sculpture, which also stresses its materiality, but, in contrast, within a successful polarity to its structure, and, also in contrast, with economy. Chamberlain's sculpture has an opulence and a formation suggestive of De Kooning's paintings of 1955-56, such as *Gotham News*. The unique aspect is the color. The paint is folded into the convolutions of the metal and is unquestionably integral to the work. Colored sculpture has been discussed and hesitantly attempted for some time, but not with such implications. The color here is insufficient but the possibilities are exciting, and Chamberlain has a long time and the start to find them. (Jackson, Jan. 5-30.)—D.J.

**John Oppen:** The search for color and tonal equivalents to establish an equiplanar surface is very prevalent today. Adapting the knowledge of Still and Rothko to his purpose, Oppen has success-



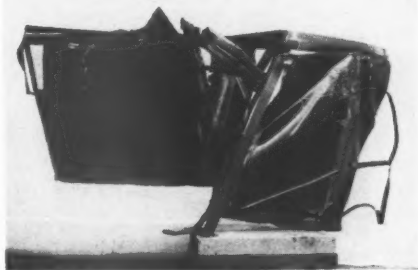
George O. Hart, *Bathers*; at Zabriskie Gallery.



Lyonel Feininger, *Gelmeroda*; at Willard Gallery.



Hans Hofmann, *Emerald Isle*; at Kootz Gallery.



John Chamberlain, *Scannonnoa*; at Jackson Gallery.



Reginald Marsh, *Coney Island*;  
at Rehn Gallery.



Alberto Giacometti, *Large Seated Woman*; at World House Gallery.



Rollin Crampton, *Wave*;  
at Krasner Gallery.



Bernard Rosenthal, *Ikon II*;  
at Viviano Gallery.

fully begun his own exploration of these possibilities. This is a conspicuous and fortunate change from his previous, broken-textured, Expressionistic paintings, exhibited a few years ago. The paintings are always two areas, one partially surrounding a second, which has the initial aspect of the positive form and is a unity of triangles, often two, one elongated and one truncated, extending from a suggested vertical. Further, the projections so divide the larger shape that it assumes a positive aspect also. As the color is considered the two areas become genuinely equivalent. They are adjusted to balance each other in various ways. Frequently there is an ambience, warmth or light in the dour, darker color of the first area to match the more intense but dull color of the second. There is a certain structure of color in this, an implication of the correspondence of disparate entities. One of the best paintings, one with a third color, a strip of red light on one edge, counters a relatively pure but deadened alizarin with a green into which blue has been mixed, producing a tone. Opper has the faults of an occasional lack of sureness and a considerable indebtedness, but has as well an individual interest which can be productive. (Stable, Feb. 2-20.)—D.J.

**Reginald Marsh:** The best of Marsh's works, probably drawings such as these, will likely survive because his social characters, like those of Hogarth, to whom he was obviously drawn, will have become universal human types. No less a reason is the fact that Marsh drew superbly without losing sight of his subject. He studied and drew from the old masters intensely, achieving finally a Baroque organized heroic style that combined wash, a gorgeously agile line and luxurious sequences of cross hatching. Encouraged no doubt by his teachers, Luks and Sloan, he drew friezes of flesh and muscle on crowded beaches and a different kind of exposure in the burlesque houses, side shows and taxi dance halls. These drawings date from 1940 to a year before his death—in 1955—at fifty-six. It was Marsh's inability to alter his vision of America as something of a vast Gin Lane that produced some emphasis on technique in the end. Or is it that the subjects, inciting only a certain nostalgia now, force one's attention upon his style. Be that as it may, this is an enthralling group of drawings. (Rehn, Jan. 4-30.)—S.T.

**Alberto Giacometti:** As an exhibition, this showing of sculpture, paintings and drawings provides an extremely handsome selection of Giacometti's work. If it fails anywhere it is perhaps in the paintings—although there is a singularly impressive one, *Portrait of a Girl* (1947), its sensitive small study of a head occurring within a caged space, as if reflected in a mirror. The drawings are especially fine, notably the interiors with seated figures and the *Arbres* of 1955, the nervous, energetic, yet gentle line sketching out the spatial limits and rendering a kind of tenuosity of form, as if matter were nearly transparent. But the most remarkable piece in the exhibition is the *Large Seated Woman*, a sculpture of 1958-59. It is a figure of a woman resting in solitary calm, her hands folded simply on her lap. I think it is one of the marks of Giacometti's talent that the transition from the figure itself to the slim pedestal where the larger mass of the legs should be (and where it does occur in a much smaller version of the subject) is nowhere obtrusive or unnatural. The figure itself is so beautifully realized, its presence so achieved, and the extraordinarily delicate character of the face so intensely commanding, that one does not feel uneasy about its mass resting upon so slender a device—a stem, almost. (World House, Jan. 12-Feb. 6.)—J.R.M.

**Rollin Crampton:** In Crampton's work the perceptual relationship between Impressionism and Cubism is clear. It is simply a natural affinity

between planes and masses. Crampton has been painting a kind of mist for a number of years, with the atmospheric *élan* of his style and the subdued grays of his color scheme presenting an image of nature that was something like a detail or close-up of a cloud. One sensed land, or substance, in his image for the ironic reason that nature never dominated it. Now the mists part to reveal solid forms, ciphers of movement like chunks of a mountain through a cloud, as in *Equinox*. Color is more specific. The blues seem more actual in their definition of the grays, the blacks more dense. Beiges, oyster whites, a fully saturated blue come with recent efforts. *Wave* best suggests the way Crampton measures an appearance to the surface, turning the planes into signs of atmosphere by overlapping swatches of blue and charcoal grays against a lighter field. But if nature is more visible, so are Crampton's means. The effect is to reveal the gap between the two in an otherwise personal vision. (Krasner, Feb. 8-27.)—S.T.

**Bernard Rosenthal:** The quality of the bas-relief as a traditional sculptural form is used in these seventeen pieces of welded sculpture. The largest works are of aluminum, hammered and tooled with the care and precision of a Renaissance craftsman. They are hung from the walls like paintings. These are vertical and horizontal groupings of concave and convex forms that have their secret places, which sculptures must have. They are painted black, but in places the silver shows through, giving a kind of opulence to the surface. Texture is always secondary to the form. These sculptures, especially *River Run* and *Palimpsest*, have a rich and monumental feeling. The small bronzes, also hammered and tooled, are shield-shaped, mounted pieces that are less complex in composition. The action is small and complicated and is restricted to the center. They are aptly titled "Ikons." (Viviano, Feb. 2-Feb.28.)—H.D.M.

**Alfred Leslie:** Leslie's enormous paintings are the ideal consequence of an art historian's dialectic; he seems to have synthesized geometrical division and the unlimited means of Expressionism. The scale, simplicity and perverid brushwork belong to some such ultimate paradox as ordered chaos. Although so apt and displaying so many traceable devices, Leslie's work is credible as a statement which does elaborate a portion of this duality. The subtlety which causes these paintings to escape the central impossibility is that the order is one in flux, becoming and declining from order, formed of constantly shifting categories whose various states mediate between the terminal contradictions. The paintings are divided into nearly equal rectangles, often offset somewhat, and placed at varying shallow depths by an array of cool, astringent colors, by the type of surface—broadly brushed or spattered—and by the width of the darker demarcations, which tend to become a grid or to be overrun by the neighboring planes. The rectangles range from near voids to extremely frontal ones slashed by two vertical bands, and bear a distinct relation to one another, their place in the categories of order. A number of the paintings are not clear enough in color. The largest one is. It is predominantly light blue, with two green stripes which are merely adumbrated in the plane below; the surface has a relevant dryness. A similarity in color and, obliquely, of expression, is that of Tomlin. He too has an austere lyricism, a will toward a cosmic and changeable order. Leslie is not derivative though of Tomlin in quality; essentially the main point is his own, but, in a partial disassociation of ends and means, it is the latter which are so easily attributable. (Jackson, Jan. 5-30.)—D.J.

**Will Barnett:** Occasionally, as in *Orange and Green Space* and *Gray and Gold*, Barnett repeats the same formal arrangement in another pic-

ture, varying in each instance in terms of the good deal of analytical quality of the always subtle, classical and recently, and the presentative quality of the aesthetic in painting. A kind of form in his late, full forms, yet kept not to dis the painting aspect of particular locking vibrant, in the picture and each picture. A remote artist's work does retain. The large division, seems less decorative inherent happens, in (8-27.)—

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ture, varying the combination of colors to achieve in each instance a quite different painting in terms of the over-all effect. This tells, I think, a good deal about his approach to painting—more analytical than expressive—where the total formality of the work is the end goal, and the intuitions of the hand and brush, the accidental, are always subject to his decisive control. It is a classical aesthetic, somewhat out of fashion recently, and one which forms a loyal opposition to the present emphasis on immediacy and the narrative quality of expressive passages. Barnett's aesthetic is one of planned painting as opposed to painting which happens. It accounts for the kind of forms which have become more dominant in his latest works. They are varied, broad, colorful forms, shaped to be interesting in themselves, yet kept simple, straightforward and flat so as not to distract the eye from the over-all impact of the painting by a welter of subsidiary detail. This aspect of his painting he manages admirably, and particularly so in *Multiple Images*, with its interlocking shapes in greens, reddish-browns and vibrant, soft blues. Each of the formal elements in the painting has its own weight and balance, and each is shaped and constructed into the total picture. Although the abstract shapes have only a remote relationship to the original subject—the artist's wife, their child, the cat—the painting does retain something of a pictographic quality. The large *Singular Image*, with its cruciform division, though it represents a bold simplification, seems less attractive and tends to move toward decorative arrangement and exercise, a danger inherent in the style, as it is, in another way perhaps, in Abstract Expressionism. (Schaefer, Feb. 8-27.)—J.R.M.

**Jack Levine:** The irony that is gradually overtaking Levine's painting is not uncommon to Social Realists who have been deprived of a thumping cause by history. And it only increases when the artist seeks refuge in a capital Art. Levine may be—and probably is—becoming a better painter. He commands the brush and pigment at will, bouncing the composition from high light to high light, from stroke to scumble. There is a painterly voluptuousness to his affluent cadavers which continue to illustrate the moral impoverishment of modern man, but this very polish leads one to suspect that Levine's heart is no longer entirely with it. For when he attempts to point out in *Fête Galante* that we don't really enjoy ourselves at parties any more, he leads us as eagerly to his style, to his ability to paint flesh as it is turning sour for want of nobility, to his ability to paint the glitter that isn't gold. Besides, aren't these the same actors he has used for years, merely changing the set and the parts? Whether he paints a pair of burlesque girls, a spoof on mythology or Hindenburg handing over Germany to Hitler (a tribute to George Grosz), his versatility—leading back to El Greco—seems to be declaring itself for a kind of respectability, as if his style were anticipating a social and political reaction to come. (Alan, Dec. 29-Jan. 16.)—S.T.

**Sam Adler:** Expressionism used to be abstract without even knowing it. It took liberties with figurative form for granted. The self-consciousness of a ubiquitous modern art has made that almost impossible. Adler, in fact, is working his way back from abstraction, but in several canvases the image is dissolved and rebuilt as much in terms of paint and form as in expression—which is to say, that both aspects declare themselves in a disrupting way. A pair of canvases juxtapose figure and still-life arrangements on the same surface. A thin rope is glued on to separate them. The intent is apparently to make them work as a single composition while retaining their identity as individual works. The question is, does this make them mean any more? Where he isn't addressing the figure abstractly, Adler paints substantial ex-

pressionist images in which Soutine and Rouault lurk unimposingly in the background. The single figure studies are particularly impressive, dispensing as they do with certain *a priori* ideas about painting, turning more to smoky color and a natural aptitude for scraped surfaces and nervous impastos that do not stand apart from feeling. (Grand Central Moderns, Feb. 6-25.)—S.T.

**Jack Youngerman:** This exhibition corroborates his initial one in 1958; Youngerman is one of the best of the painters in their thirties. These paintings, with a monumental simplicity, both in format and color, achieve a maximum of boldness and impact. The dominant black forms are developed and particular in imagery, suggesting the organic in their frequent partial bisymmetry and shaggy or serrate edges; some are obliquely floral, some appear animal-like. This impression is increased by the prevalent use of white at the periphery to establish the black as a positive form which is further enhanced by the presence, on the black, of a third color, a primary. The clear colors and fresh, robust paint, part of the reduction to generality, effectively counter what could be oppressive in the scale and nature of the imagery. The paintings vary some as to the amount of recession involved. Two with yellow are completely frontal and vertical. The effect is a little rigid and something less than that gained when the angle and overlapping of the forms requires that they be considered as receding slightly, as in *Red, Black and White*, where red fragments aligned along a low horizontal axis send one half of the black spreading up and outward and the other off the canvas at the bottom. The placing of the primary color is always as strategic. A quibble at this time, and perhaps a quarrel for the future, is that after all the space involved is nearly all double, that is, read as either infinite space or a frontal plane—which relates to Mondrian, as does the reduced color, and is not as complex in statement as that resulting from the methods of a number of the older American painters. (Parsons, Jan. 11-30.)—D.J.

**Karl Knaths:** In an art world where everyone seems to be striving for new effects and many artists seem to feel that not changing one's style every season is a sign of stagnation, it is refreshing to see the most recent work of this Provincetown painter who does not hesitate to use the same idiom year after year with only slight variations. Having once evolved his special type of Cubist style, Knaths is content to portray his still lives, Cape Cod landscapes and fishermen over and over again. The appeal of these works lies in their formal mastery, with its fine control of the architecture of the pictorial composition, and its subtle but vibrant color combinations which in the 1959 works tend to run toward various shades of green and lilac. For all lovers of Karl Knaths' work, this show will be a delight. (Rosenberg, Jan. 18-Feb. 13.)—H.M.

**Artists' Selection:** No especial fallacies, only inexperience, mark the work of this selection of thirteen painters from three years' presentation of younger and homeless artists. William Insley, Gordon Press and David Grossblatt bear this deficiency most directly. Their large and free abstractions are more potential than actual. Ben Dienes' painting is a screen of falling, small swirls of color; Robert M. Hallett's work is of large areas in primary colors washed on the canvas—a green, black and white one is best; Kiichi Usui overlays strokes of warm color, creating something of an abstract atmosphere. The three have something commendable in their work and more definite inclinations than the initial trio. John Blake's paintings are rather unusual. They are somewhat Surreal, with a multitude of fluid and linear organic shapes, primarily in black and white, with touches of pinks and blues. Anthony Damato and



Jack Levine, *The Girls from Fleugal Street*; at Alan Gallery.



Sam Adler, *Juxtaposition*; at Grand Central Moderns Gallery.



Jack Youngerman, *Ram*; at Parsons Gallery.



Karl Knaths, *Clock*; at Rosenberg Gallery.

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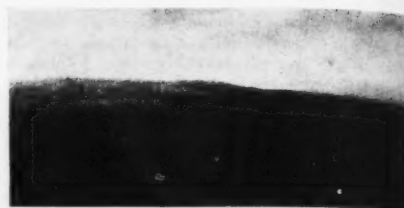
## IN THE GALLERIES

Beulah Bassine show inexperience, not in execution as do the others, but in curiosity, in being too faithful adherents of the New York school. Damato's painting is of lively, twisting forms, with much black streaked with yellow and vermillion. One large work of Bassine's, *Typhoon*, is dark green and black out of which the colors gleam somberly. Cabell Brussels, who makes further sealife out of seashells, cleverly, ambiguously, much better than is done for tourists, is an anomaly, as is Gordon Brown, whose *Abominable Mess* is the best thing—its exact classification is unnamed, perhaps it is low-relief—in the show. There is an intricate play of cold, lyric color between the painted, raised wire loops and the mottled background. (Artists', Jan. 9-26.)—D.J.

**Colleen Browning:** Seemingly, not a blade of grass goes unobserved in Miss Browning's meadows, not a stone is left unturned. By dwelling on the minutiae and profusion of nature she equates the force of her concentration with an ordering power in the universe, even though what she selects is essentially a fragment. Sometimes she goes so far as to build up her paint as if the scene were a scale model of the original, particularly in her representation of rocks. The scattered necklaces of field stone in *Connemara* are something more and less than an image of topography, while all the blades of grass in *Meadow* contribute their aspect, deflecting the composition a thousand different ways without adding up to mere representation. Figures thwart her passion for inconsequential detail—so that in *Figures on a Park Bench* a stretch of cracked pavement, scribbled over with the chalk drawings of children, seems to indicate that nature reveals her impetuosity in details that go largely unobserved in our necessity to simplify existence. Pedestrian when she is merely realistic, Miss Browning nonetheless has the ability to magically inform the mundane. (Isaacson, Feb. 10-Mar. 5.)—S.T.

**Earl Kerkam:** The single figure, generally the artist himself, has characterized Kerkam's painting for a number of years. It still provides the one presiding formality that marks his work in the present exhibition, but the sense of a sculptural mass—the figure broken into bright and beautifully colored facets, inhabiting or creating the sense of space around it—has, in the latest of these works, undergone a further progression. The small facets of color—as rich as or richer than in his previous work—have expanded, flattened out, floated closer to the surface of the painting. One has the feeling that Kerkam has always been as involved with the essence of the figure as with its apparent visual definitions. The single-mindedness with which he has pursued his subject would seem to indicate that it always offers something more—something elusive, perhaps—than what the individual painting achieves for him. In these latest works, the figure still occupies the core of the painting. Although it has become less solid, less factual, it still lurks at the center, created, one feels, by the weight and rich suggestiveness of the color—the deep blues, greens and purples, broken by small, jewel-like accents of red and orange—and by the careful manipulation of the painting's formal elements. (World House, Feb. 23-Mar. 19.)—J.R.M.

**Paul Georges:** These paintings are all self-portraits. They are portraits of the artist as a painter. Georges is holding a palette knife, or standing with a small canvas supported by a large ladder, or is surrounded by canvases, bare or containing self-portraits. He does paint other subjects—interiors, and portraits of his wife—but they are not shown here. His painting of himself is realistic, in a loose, broad-brushed way. It is also dramatic, deep-shadowed, with a Spanish intensity. He paints himself painting, a single-minded occupation. But the subject, himself, the artist in his studio, star-



Colleen Browning, *Meadow*;  
at Isaacson Gallery.



Earl Kerkam, *Head*;  
at World House Gallery.



Paul Georges, *Self-Portrait*;  
at Great Jones Gallery.



Hilda Ward, *Seated Woman*;  
at Pietrantonio Gallery.

ing straight at a mirror (straight at you) with absolutely unwavering eyes, is not played out as an idea. The painting is all too much the same, too even in composition and placement of value. One thinks of other attitudes the artist as a human being might take toward his activity, and wants to see them. They are not indicated in this show, though we do have a realistic figure plausibly related to its surroundings and convincing in its conception. This is a great deal more than we get from most people who deal with the realistic figure. (Great Jones, Feb. 23-Mar. 13.)—A.V.

**Jon Schueler:** Somewhere between will and appearance, Schueler's paintings—the successful ones—set up a magnificent rage in heaven. Their ethereal dimensions are bounded on the one hand by the literal reach of the sky, on the other by a sense of magnitude dwarfing the appearance. If the one is too close to the other there is a curious loss of pictorial detail to literalism. A series of stunning works completed in Scotland during 1957 and 1958 achieve a strength of color and a gestural aspect, thunderous with shape, that makes them more paintings about nature than of her. They are painted with a knife, less with violence than with an empathetic sense of the unbounded, drenching the heavens with vivid stanzas of dramatic color and sequences of form extrapolated from light and energy. The earth is usually huddled darkly at the very bottom of the picture, less for scale, which it in fact enhances, than for launching his assault upon gravity. Gravity is authority, and Schueler can impose his will only by ascending, skyward, pursuing the image for his wish to unite with nature. His idea is really heroic but difficult to sustain. Reality claws at him, even up there. The works which come after Mallaig Vaig—those done in France and New York in 1958 and 1959—descend to our atmosphere, at least. Here he employs the brush, and too much intimacy with appearances reveals his precarious grip on an idea that is never quite sure where nature ends and abstraction begins. (Hirsch and Adler, Feb. 1-20.)—S.T.

**Marguerite Roché:** These are fastidious and frequently very charming works, landscapes proper and landscapes in which carefully worked groups of figures form the central interest. They are, if the comparison is possible at all, somewhat like primitive Fragonards or Watteaus, in their dominating foliage, their skies of clear blue crossed by fresh white clouds. It is generally the paintings in which the figures occur (*Blindman's Bluff*, *Picnic on the Grass*, *Les Ombrelles*) that are most engaging—groups and knots of women and girls engaged in moments of idleness or pleasure, sharply defined, their dresses painted with striking blues, tinted whites, and really joyous and vibrant reds. It is the out-of-the-ordinary, rustic vision which is surprising in these works as well as their clarity and charm. It is also one of its assets that for all the sameness of subject and treatment, the artist has managed to keep each of the paintings fresh in her mind. Occasionally one feels a little unevenness in the landscapes, but the figures always seem to strike the right accent, to be lovingly defined and placed at just the right point in the lush and dominating imagery of nature. (Condon Riley, Feb. 2-13.)—J.R.M.


**André Masson:** From automatism to nationalism: that according to at least one recent account (see the Paris column in ARTS of November, 1959) describes the rise and fall of André Masson. While Masson has obviously abandoned the Surrealist orthodoxy of the twenties, he still employs the automatist method of his revolutionary generation in these color lithographs and etchings, despite the antipathy one might expect from automatism to mechanical intervention. On the other hand, the extent to which he has tamed down is apparent in such lithographs as *Sommeil des*

*Cygnés*, which is reminiscent of a Braque in its use of embossed detail in a white shape under a schematic sun, or the one of Florence in which a few architectural details are noted down on a surface scrubbed with blue. This is posterish stuff compared to a small etching that looks like a Pollock, or *L'Enfance*, a lithograph with a nude developing from a few scrawled lines (rather too knowingly), or *Caprice Végétal*, a lithograph of blue, humanized plant forms. If Masson has lost the power to shock, he is still very capable of works of taste and charm, whatever their line of descent. (Saidenberg, Dec. 15-Jan. 9.)—S.T.

**Ethel Schwabacher, Marie Taylor:** The open, boundary-less forms of Schwabacher's enormous abstractions recall Kandinsky, Rothko and Guston. The colors are bright and there is a lot of red and blue laid on in big, unbroken areas. The brush strokes are long and maintain their own identity, but they are not prominent and are not stressed for movement. This work, like Guston's latest, depends less on the continuity of strokes than on a kind of positioning which gives the feel of the magnetic attraction of flattened volumes. The artist seems to be addressing the problem of how to get things to happen without resorting to the creation of arbitrary shapes. The sculpture of Marie Taylor is seriously playful, and since most of these small pieces are of animals (a mouse, an elephant, a baboon) one thinks immediately of the playfully serious typography of Marianne Moore. Miss Taylor's animals are carved in field stone; they may be said to *inhere* in the field stone, for she has added only the cuts and grinding necessary to direct one's imagination as it encounters the suggestive contours of the stones themselves. Her carved teakwood *Sacred City*, a very handsome piece, is a triangular column with variable recessions and planes that resemble the steps, doorways, and colonnades of a hillside city. (Parsons, Feb. 1-20.)—G.D.

**Louise Nevelson:** Unlike the white bridal celebration currently on view at the Museum of Modern Art, these are earlier, discrete pieces in her familiar black manner, pieces from as early as 1949 to the cabinet and *Cathedral* sculptures of 1956. What impresses one in the show is precisely the distinctiveness of the varied items which make up an assemblage—the separate objects related to each other in *Black Majesty*, for instance—and the curious and entertaining ambivalence between landscape and still life which occurs in a number of the pieces. Many of the individual sculptures are "served up," so to speak, on flat, tablelike pedestals, their found objects situated with the kind of immobility (and often the forms), that one usually associates with still life, and yet their landscape qualities are equally as assertive. Two enmeshed, blocky forms occur in a space left by an assortment of wedge shapes in *Wood Lovers*, and in *Two Figures in a Landscape* the blunt figures with perforated heads stand next to a bottle and an object which looks like nothing so much as two crossed slices of melon. As sculptures, they speak perhaps for a rather sly humor and an ability for making curious, whimsical and sometimes tender juxtapositions which are all the more pointed for having been carried off in somber and pervasive black. (David Herbert, Jan. 6-Feb. 6.)—J.R.M.

**Elmer Livingston MacRae:** The present show of pastels is a follow-through of the exhibition of MacRae's oils which was held at this gallery last March. A great deal of the interest aroused by that show centered upon the historical importance of MacRae, not only as a painter but as one of the organizers of the first International Exhibition of Modern Art in 1913. Along with MacRae's paintings and pastels, all recently discovered, his file of documents relating to the Armory Show was unearthed, so that the whole find represents




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## IN THE GALLERIES

a broadening of the available history of modern art. MacRae's talent was neither robust nor especially experimental—he was very conservatively in the vanguard of his day. It was a reflective and gentle talent and is perhaps more fully realized in these pastels than in the oils. Of the pastels, all dated between 1905 and 1915, the intimate and domestic are most impressive, especially the portraits of women, which have something of the poised imbalance of Whistler and a touch of the asymmetry that Bonnard was later to handle more daringly. The large *Pensive Lady* shows him at his best, though to current taste the less finished *The Arbor* is perhaps more exciting because of the partial dissolution of the images into the energy of the surface. MacRae was especially given to this medium and was himself the founder and treasurer of the Pastellists, the first organized group of its kind in this country. (Milch, Jan. 18-Feb. 6.)—G.D.

**Adolph Gottlieb:** These are not paintings, they are demonstrations. They are boring demonstrations—a theme with no substantial variations. The theme is a simple one: two different forces, one with a centrifugal activity, one with a centripetal activity, exist. This is shown by the ragged-edged, roundish shape that appears in the center of the lower half of the vertical canvas and by the flattened, even-edged lozenge that appears in the center of the upper half of the vertical canvas, which is evenly stained in a color that proclaims delicacy and sweet sensitivity. Some loopy drips come out of the lower, ragged-edged shape. So the theme is not alone in its ability to be monotonous. Its demonstration is irretrievably dull. How could anyone who likes painting go on painting these? Clement Greenberg lauds their difficult simplicity. It is difficult to be simple when simplicity is a reduction of complexity. Not so here. But there is a place for demonstrations such as these: they could serve the manufacturers of a number of products as before-and-after ads, or serve as visual, decorative aids in tabulating large numbers of anything. The background, the large area of evenly covered canvas (salmon or whitened cerulean or some other pale nice sweetness) could stand for "maybe" or "so-so" or "indifferent" or "haven't thought about it lately." (French, Jan. 6-Feb. 6.)—A.V.

**Robert Henri:** The full-length portraits and paintings of children in this retrospective show span the last twenty-seven years of the painter's life (1865-1929). The portraits are earlier, larger, more ambitious than the paintings of children, which are relatively informal. Both, however, were conservative in their own day, and though of undoubted competence are without excitement or true distinction. Henri solved the problems of his art too easily to be able to stand off the tendency to formulas which besets the successful portraitist, who must repeat the same important nonessentials again and again. By the twenties his backgrounds had become formulas, as had the folds of clothing and the waves of hair—the formula of the large "free-handed" stroke, which in fact was not free. Here and there he shows a rough gusto like Augustus John's, but there is such an abundance of rich blue and deep, soft red that the dominating effect is sentimental, and the gusto of the strokes appears to be a concession to the more advanced work of contemporaries. (Hirschl and Adler, Jan. 5-30.)—G.D.

**Rodin Studies:** With the revival of interest in the work of the Italian nineteenth-century sculptor Medardo Rosso, it is certainly time for a re-evaluation of the far richer and more important artistic contribution of the great French master Auguste Rodin. This small but excellent show of his drawings may well prove a beginning. Made up of a group of studies from the artist's sketchbook, many of them from his early period when he was close

to the Classical tradition, it serves to remind us of Rodin's extraordinary power as a draftsman. Using pencil, water color, ink or gouache, or a combination of these, the artist attains wonderfully simple yet strong effects as he renders the human figure in space. Especially good are the groups of lovers with their firm yet sensitive line. No one interested in drawing as an art form should miss this beautiful show. (Meltzer, Feb. 2-27.)—H.M.

**Jay Milder:** There are quite a few unresolved paintings in this show; most reveal a conflict between spatial delineation, involving that of nudes, landscape or interiors, and a much flatter, heavily painted surface, where the brush stroke is salient. Nevertheless some are effective, notably a series of interiors; this and the variety, boldness and intrinsic imagery of the brushwork suggest that Milder, who is in his twenties, has genuine possibilities. The most convincing interiors are monochromatic—sienna, tan or gray—and organized about a central piece of furniture, whose space is given and which is, as it approaches the periphery, successively abridged until it is overcome by the encompassing flat surface, whose lines may be simply lines as well as the indications of objects. This idea is allied to that of Giacometti's paintings of interiors and single figures. In one work a table painted freely and almost diagrammatically encloses a square space; in another the oval back of a chair, repeated at an edge, is the focus. The space is psychological, withheld from the enveloping materiality by the spectator's attention, and solipsistic, in that only attended space is real. (Fulton Street, Feb. 5-Mar. 3.)—D.J.

**Andrew Winter:** This memorial exhibition (the artist died October 27, 1958) focuses upon the two subjects widely identified with Winter's name: the Maine coast with its birch trees and rocks, and the sea itself. Not only in the pervasive pressure of these subjects but in the composition of each painting one sees that Winter's interest was both real and compelling. He spent most of his life in Maine—notably on Monhegan Island—and was for many years a working mariner. His feeling for the sea is more than pictorial. *Looking at the Wreck*, which shows a small boat being crushed by surf against the rocks, captures the concealed force of the easy-flowing water as it glides in from the open sea. Each painting is dominated by a similar absorption in the subject, as if Winter confronted things head-on but modestly, and preserved a transparent craft so that his interests might come directly to the fore. Many of the paintings are characterized by a somber, sometimes cold light which one readily supposes to be a local and specific light of the Maine coast. (Grand Central, Feb. 9-20.)—G.D.

**Akiba Emanuel:** Emanuel is showing the work of the past five years, including a huge limestone *Aphrodite* weighing seven hundred pounds and a rather tall figure in hydrocol, *Spirit of Anne Frank*. These two works overshadow much of the exhibition, which includes a number of paintings, because they are the best examples of his ability to think in those heroic terms which make him equal to the task of working within the shadow of so strong a personality as Picasso, whose virtuosity he also emulates. His adumbration of Picasso in paintings of biblical figures and still lifes, Byzantine in their frontal space, reveals, however, more haste than spontaneity and an insensitivity to paint which is never fully integrated with his twisted images. Sculpture, providing physical resistance, forces conception upon him by reducing alternatives. *Aphrodite* disposes its Picassoisms—painterly ones, at that—in an imposing reclining figure with her neck twisted at a ridiculous angle, breasts placed as the design required. *Spirit of Anne Frank* is in another, more individual style. It has about it a kind of fatal majesty, and is gravely carved to suggest defiance,

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**Pierre** that sh places c night-li a gene Forms

even as the emaciation, distributed in attenuated, stylized volumes, supports an impression of spiritual strength. It is sharply in contrast to more cerebral pieces which barely contain his emotions. (Artists', Dec. 19-Jan. 7.)—S.T.

**Marcelo Bonevardi:** A Guggenheim fellowship has financed Bonevardi's acquisition of a good many of the elements of New York abstraction. He is a Professor at the National University of Cordoba, Argentina. His development here has been a gradual increase in freedom, but primarily it has involved the rather odd interposition of expressionist devices into his precise and harmonious prior style. The most startling of these is the omnipresent fragment of a black grid, from Kline or Soulages, very neatly jagged, very carefully crossing before or behind other vertical planes. The paintings are too evidently adroit in technique and are, in the blatant combination of alien elements, academic; yet the color is resonant, the surface subtle, each plane exact, and the ultimate expression sensitive and quietly lyrical. No. 39-9 is typical: it has the grid, diverse rectangles—one ultramarine blue and black, another dark red—a circle, and a modulated ground of yellow-gray, all in flat, clean planes. Despite its limitations, Bonevardi's work is agreeable and frank, and his obvious understanding of painting should encourage him, since it allows him, to be more inventive. (De Aenlle, Feb. 1-20.)—D.J.

**Ladvik Durbaneck:** A year ago this Czechoslovakian sculptor presented a few of his pieces to the public for the first time in this gallery. In view of the current exhibition, last year's seems to have been a rather timid step to see how the public would respond; for those works, although competent, were notably eclectic. Now, however, a wealth of material (far too many pieces and too finished to have been done since that time) is being shown, works which bear the unmistakable imprint of a single and powerful artistic personality. Durbaneck's sculptures for the most part are of themes of human agony. His works, particularly the large *Mural*, which includes numerous scenes, are reminiscent of Beckmann, in that they are angry protests without becoming more anger than art. In groups of busts, two of which are called *Sea of Faces*, the idea of a suppressed mob is presented with the utmost economy. Barely featured, these faces nonetheless are each individual, and each seems to be suffering in a particular way. Working in beaten silver and copper, Durbaneck uses "metallicness" as an element of his personages—and also the various finishes which these metals take. (Graham, Feb. 2-27.)—B.B.

**Lorenzo di Credi:** Along with Leonardo, Di Credi (1458-1537) was a student of Verrocchio, and he has been accused of depending on both for his ideas. This single work, attributed to him, is a copy of a slightly larger version that hangs in the Uffizi. Comparison with a photograph suggests that this version of *Nolo Me Tangere* was a more personal effort. However, it is a poor painting. Both the Christ and Magdalen are shown in stiff, mannered poses, and the drawing is almost thoughtless. There is, for instance, no unity of gesture between Christ's feet and his hands; the former are ponderously oversized, and the Magdalen's hands are similarly disproportionate. The entire work is a cliché of poignancy. One boggles at the thought of how many poor paintings from our period may be preserved by history with the help of microfilm reproduction, etc. (Trabia, Dec. 22-Jan. 9.)—S.T.

**Pierre Lelong:** Much of this painting is the sort that should be seen in the *Liberté's* salons. The places of civilized pleasures—cafés and the bright, night-lighted streets of Paris—are analyzed through a generously unsystematic, Cubist-oriented eye. Forms are treated to a linear stylization; tropical

color moves beyond them. The real world appears as thin and smooth as the wet-street or river reflections that often occur. But there is another kind of painting going on, strongly constructed, no less bright but more real, built forward in space, not flattened to one plane. This solid aspect of Lelong is more interesting. *Toits sur la Mer* shows it, and so do two landscapes. Though the mood is bright and the color hot, the underlying structure and the more continuous painting signify an important density, of observation as well as painting. These three paintings are more serious, less decoratively serviceable, than the others. (Juster, Jan. 25-Feb. 13.)—A.V.

**James Lechay:** This artist, who has been teaching at Iowa University for a number of years, is in complete possession of his craft. He can wash a canvas lightly with oils of various hues without being thin, and draw with a brush with the same facility as with charcoal. This exhibition presents a variety of themes and includes a forceful portrait (of Gustave Bermann), but the majority of paintings here are concerned with what the artist calls "the double image." In these double-image pictures, a glasslike form against a contrasting background composes the bottom half of the canvas, and the top is one or a series of circles with flower petals drawn in it. In this halfway abstraction of a glass or vase of flowers, Lechay uses the motif of the still life purely as a formal device without any sentimentality. In one of his most effective paintings the left half has sinuously drawn black lines suggesting blossoms complete with their stems, while at the right stemless circles float in the air—a unique composition of shapes and still-life drawing which demonstrates the range of this artist's skill. (Kraushaar, Feb. 1-20.)—B.B.

**Don David, Sal Sirugo:** Two artists could not be more different than David and Sirugo, but both approach their styles with a kind of intelligent modesty, and both are convincing. David is an Abstract Expressionist, but in these works paints small-scale designs in casein that are beautifully colored, directed in power and commanded by good taste. He has borrowed from De Kooning only what he needs to support a type of fluid expressionist architecture distilled from city forms. Sirugo's kinship to Ernst is probably inadvertent. An ink wash, pressed, blotted or whatever, yields figurative suggestions which are seized and fixed with a few additional touches. Monotype may be employed. Not quite so small as Ernst's oils which were about the size of a postage stamp and similarly achieved, these have among them associative landscapes which sustain immense distances in their liquid suspension or close in on the corrugations of rock and bush. They are as exquisite as Sirugo's sense of the miniature is true. (Camino, Jan. 29-Feb. 18.)—S.T.

**Leo Garell:** At first glance the gouaches, water colors and oils of this exhibition seem to be abstractions; on closer inspection it is apparent that they are landscapes. They are all of the Catskill region, and the time of year—spring, summer, winter—is indicated in the titles. The broad, quick strokes suggest a context of Abstract Expressionism, but there is also something of the spirit of the Haiku and of Zen in the relation of the improvisation to the landscape itself, for Garell's interest is fixed neither in the scene nor in the rendering, but in the moment of contact. As in Zen painting the image flowers in the ease of access: the contours of the hills, the color of the foliage, the imminent sliding of a bank of snow—all these reach the canvas as functions of the momentary quickening of the soul. (Mills College, Jan. 11-Feb. 12.)—G.D.

**Ben Newman:** The collages and constructions of this show utilize various materials, and in each case the material is so subdued by the formal

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## IN THE GALLERIES

imagination that the immediate effect is similar to that of the paintings with which they are exhibited. Which is to say that neither the materials nor the energies of execution are as important to Newman as is the formal conception of a composed harmony of masses and values. Some of the collages are made of flat materials—snips of fabric, emery paper, then strips of wood. Others are deepened into bas-relief by thick pieces of wood or by strips of wood built up in layers, and these, perhaps, are best described as constructions. Newman always paints on and around the solid materials, and this, too, fortifies the singleness of the image. The skill with which the various materials are assimilated is not brought forward as a virtuosic quality but is itself subordinated to the composition. (Morris, Feb. 14-27.)—G.D.

**Cleve Gray:** The larger paintings of this exhibition come straight out of Cubism. Gray has enlarged the fragmented planes and has opened them so as to contain as much space as possible—a requirement which is perhaps demanded by the size of his work. His success is shown by the fact that he has not been forced to sacrifice the Cubist complication of surface in order to arrive at this size. His palette is somber and quiet: gray, sepia, ochre. The smaller paintings are more delicate than the big ones, apparently because of the addition of vertical and leaning lines which vanish and re-emerge among the planes of color. The artist's concern with spatial relations is attested, again, by his drawings. He draws like a sculptor. This work, not very interesting in itself, may be taken, perhaps, as studies for the larger paintings, studies devoted exclusively to problems of space. The largest painting of the show, *The Mosque: Cordoba*, gives a hint of a sculptural development. Here several large, simple forms emerge from the variegated welter of planes, and though they remain relatively unmolded seem to indicate a burgeoning into space. (Staempfli, Feb. 16-March 5.)—G.D.

**Sarah Sherman:** These paintings are caught in the belated dilemma of realism and flat patterns; the required space and detail of the figures are abridged to suit the silhouette, which is so to suit the detail—a dilute and unsteady amalgam which has the further disequilibrium of deft, almost sensitive drawing, derived from Pascin, and a thoroughly meretricious sort, such as the journeyman heads of the five musicians in *Constantinople 6*. The ancient device of uptilting the earth to save looking down is responsible for the most coherent painting in the show. A rosy woman and a pale man, reversing the Etruscan order, nude, erotic, and rather stumpy and bunched, are parallel on a white sheet; the chronic problem of the empty space behind the figures is eliminated and the simple patterns are clarified. (A.C.A., Feb. 8-27.)—D.J.

**Joan Mathews:** This is a first one-man show, and the artist shows youth and vigor and talent. She is conscientiously following in the footsteps of her elders of the New York School persuasion. At the moment perhaps it is sufficient to say that these paintings are oversize, that the color is pleasing, and that there are great, sweeping areas of it troweled across the surface of the canvas. The line is a jagged scrawl, and the whole surface is scarred and wracked with texture. *The Dream of Mr. Ovadia*, in violets and greens, is the best. A small one, *Thin Blue Flame*, is a nice, controlled juxtaposition of colors, showing that it is not necessary to paint seventy by seventy inches to achieve pictorial harmony. (March Gallery, Jan. 29-Feb. 18.)—H.D.M.

**Gert Berliner:** Using areas of flat color, he constructs vibrant harmonies. The forms are big and sturdy, geometric in orientation, but never dry or stiff. They seem to spring from organic origins—

the nuances of the edge of a vertical are softened as though by a sculptor. The bite and crispness of a circle are sensitively and tellingly felt and done. *Dark Saga* is a big vertical of black and blue. These paintings have a formal quality, and in the larger oils the colors have acquired vibrancy and richness. These latest works have power and force. (Fleischman, Feb. 1-Feb. 17.)—H.D.M.

**Giuseppe Guerreschi:** Born in Italy in 1929, Guerreschi has been exhibiting regularly in the United States since 1954. His paintings deal with a pervading sense of devastation and despair but resort to devices of expression rather than letting the natural fact assert itself. These devices include larger-than-life-size figures and heads with thick lips and staring, stricken eyes, and a quality of irradiation that turns tenements blood red, stone white or charred black. In addition he employs drips and splatters straight from Pollock's bucket less as signs of pictorial action than as literary symbols of malignancy. They only emphasize the brittleness of his realistic elements, the dissolving irradiation and heads that grow out of their hair like plants notwithstanding. Where tragedy is not turned into an aesthetic experience, it is used like a club, assaulting our emotions. (Feingarten, Jan. 12-30.)—S.T.

**Robert Buckner:** The frame is an important part of Buckner's geometric painting insofar as his works usually involve a number of panels, each one neatly boxed by strips about half an inch thick. Unpainted, the bright wood enters the design if only because it is the first thing visible—separating a series of dark-green, olive and pale-brown rectangles. Upon closer inspection these disclose a thin, oblique scaffold of black line carried out through the vertical and horizontal arrangements. Some planes created by bisecting lines are darker, but spatially the works remain passive, relieved only by the note of decision in the strip frames—outside of the field of conflict. (Condon Riley, Dec. 21-Jan. 9.)—S.T.

**Norman Bluhm:** Two large triptychs, grandiose in concept and poetic in mood, make up the bulk of this show. Using the white background of the canvas, Bluhm spatters, drips and cobwebs delicate colors across it. They become shapes that fling themselves through space as though in some grand finale of the solar system. There is a *robustezza* that makes itself felt—a poetic quality in the design that seems to be accomplished in one grand sweep of the over-all composition. Of the two large paintings, *Winter Nights* seems more concentrated. The other, called *The Far West*, is open spaces and a dance. (Castelli, Jan. 26-Feb. 13.)—H.D.M.

**Alfred D. Crimi:** The paintings in this show of recent work fall into two closely related groups, the first representational and the second abstract. The large painting called *The Appointment*, which shows a woman on a sofa reading a newspaper, typifies the work of the first group. Though it is pictorial, Crimi has given a unique transparency to all of the surfaces so that there is a kind of lamination of the various planes, i.e., of the woman, the sofa, the floor, the walls, etc. The intersections and overlays of these planes form an almost geometric, Cubistic interplay which seems to be independent of the pictorial content. These purely formal harmonies become the entire subject and manner of the paintings in the second group, of which the *Space Animation* is notable. (Selected Artists, Feb. 23-Mar. 5.)—G.D.

## CORRECTION

In a review of her January show at the Carus Gallery, Sylvia Davis' name was erroneously printed, appearing as Sylvia Dale.

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**Sherman Drexler:** A limbo as real as the figures which inhabit them makes these mixed-media and oil studies convincing within the limits of what is obviously a preoccupation with a theme. Drexler, a young Californian now living in New York, paints barely visible female nudes over and over again. Merely by altering a gesture, a location or a value, or by raising or lowering the degree of visibility, he is able to sustain a constant flow of imagery. He works on any surface that comes to hand, and sometimes the figures are barely more than the survivors of a grim struggle with himself that is taken out on the surfaces. Much of the work is superfluous, but the core of real feeling is there in the tense elusiveness of his subject matter. (Rice, Feb. 1-28.)—S.T.

**George Sugarman:** In this exhibit of sculpture, collage and drawing, the sculptures quite naturally dominate. These are of wood and are enormous. They are not carved out of solid blocks, but are built up of numerous sections, the planes and angles and curves being formed both by carving and by the addition of separate units. They are roughhewn and genially ponderous, and are abstract—as a dragon would be if designed by Léger, evolving in right angles and vertical bends and presenting inexplicable planes like tables. *The Crown*, which is the simplest of these pieces and is the only one whose evolution is strictly vertical, combines aspects of the totem pole, a stage set and heroic religious statuary. (Widdifield, Feb. 9-Mar. 5.)—G.D.

**Fritz Bultman:** An Abstract Expressionist painter trying his hand at sculpture, Bultman offers a distillation of primitive and Baroque elements, uniting symmetry and frequently totemic forms with tuberous and sometimes frivolous extremities. They seem flavored by Lipchitz but lack his voluptuousness. Bultman's bronzes are geared to turning forms that suggest something figurative without quite coming out with it. In *Vase of the Winds* curving tusks of bronze are joined on a "skull" backed by a rough mass with a tail projecting from behind. *Triune* might be a conjugal embrace. There are hanging and wall pieces, pierced solids that fall somewhere between an idea and a natural event. There is more sensibility than substance, an art that is roughing it in a refined sort of way. (Mayer, Jan. 26-Feb. 13.)—S.T.

**Hughie Lee Smith:** As in the work of the Magic Realists, the mystery in these paintings comes from the significant incongruities of tone and space, and from an unreal lighting which perfectly illuminates a selection of real and even ordinary details. Smith draws, too, upon the Surrealists when he brings the real and the imaginary into inexplicable but provocative relationships. The most important single influence is that of the early De Chirico, and this is seen in the feeling of an arrested moment, a chance Gestalt fixed in its most penetrating meaning. The meaning is anchored in the sensibility, not the intellect, and yields overtones of remorse and muted yearning. These effects are somewhat weakened by Smith's use of high lights and by a too schematic simplification in the small details. (Nessler, Feb. 15-Mar. 5.)—G.D.

**Isser Aronovici:** These strange, feverishly oppressive images have an impact that momentarily erases the fact that either the artist can barely paint or cannot suffer the distraction of technique. Shadowy figures loom up in total darkness, Christ is crucified against a void, there is a nightmare Puritan wedding, and two squashy figures clutch in a halting kiss. The artist's helplessness with paint probably contributes to the mutilated imagery, as does his lack of concern for any respectable kind of drawing. The compelling urgency of his effort remains. Perhaps he has chosen the wrong medium for what he has to say. (Phoenix, Feb. 12-25.)—S.T.

**E. F. Granell:** This painter is included in Breton and Duchamp's "Surrealisme," and he received one of the 1959 Copley awards, presumably introduced for consideration by Duchamp, a member of the Foundation's board. His paintings are the most deliberate doodles, which is to say they are intense and automatic in their inception. An understructure of large color areas of various shapes is covered by linear patterns, of waves, curls, follicular and glandular shapes. The paintings are not symbolic, but persistently weird; otherworldly yet substantial. Some look like illustrations for a dermatology text, others a geology, granted that the skin and the rocks are of Granell's creation. The paintings are erotic, not suggestively so, but seem themselves to have been the objects of an erotic attention. They exist as such facts that it seems likely something will be found in the three-dimensional world that represents them. (Bodley, Feb. 22-Mar. 5.)—A.V.

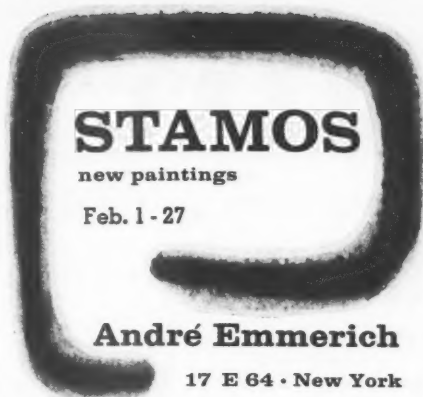
**Bearden:** Bearden maintains an interesting tactile quality in his paintings—stains and large, sprawling, open forms that have a curious mat surface effect. He combines this with broad areas of generally tasteful dulled colors: blues or mottled and splattered browns, relieved by occasional bursts of bright reds and yellows. Among the most notable of his works is *Wine Star*, its flower-like petal forms in pale transitions of blue-gray extending out to the edges of the canvas from some central complexity. The smaller paintings, less tactile, are thinner and less individual. (Michel Warren, Jan. 19-Feb. 19.)—J.R.M.

**Roger Prince:** The variegated, many-faceted figures of Prince's sculpture show an attempt—successful for the most part—to assimilate the excitement of formal detail exemplified by Cubism. Most of the pieces are groups of figures: three horsemen, three trumpeters, three standing figures. The articulation is not realistic, but is rather like three-dimensional Cubism; only the large and fundamental aspects of the figure are retained, such as verticality and symmetry. The most elaborate of the pieces, from the point of view of sheer articulation, is *The Battle of San Romano*, in which Uccello's lances, horses, riders and shields are fragmented into intricate and lively planes. (G Gallery, Jan. 12-Feb. 11.)—G.D.

**Robert Dunn:** The collection of techniques is the method of development in these paintings, not any particular purpose. The figures are done with the chiaroscuro and sentimentality similar to Jack Levine's, other parts in a panoply of abstract devices. One of the collages is of indifferently drawn heads—although sometimes Dunn's drawing is fairly capable—in the midst of fragments of line and paper. Occasionally within a single grouping the color is interesting, but as a whole it is inconclusive, marked merely by a preponderance of phthalocyanine. (Collector's, Feb. 1-20.)—D.J.

**Ethel Fisher:** Miss Fisher's abstractions evoke nature indistinctly. Whether that is the quality of her image or the effect of indecision is hard to say. There is a cool iridescence in which vague organic forms are juggled into a state of suspension, despite the fact that their fitting is neat. The view is largely a frontal one, and one of her works is appropriately entitled *Byzantium*. The perspective can change, as in *Aerial Ways*, which shifts to flat planes of pink and white, a more constructed type of painting with charcoal lines accentuating and directing the traffic on the surface. (Angeleski, Feb. 15-29.)—S.T.

**Ruth Fortel:** This is an auspicious debut for this young New Yorker who in these works of the past year shows the intelligent development of a pictorial idea. Using round, chunky forms that rotate and bathe in color and light, she achieves a sense of balance and rhythm in their relation-



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FEB. 17-27

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## IN THE GALLERIES

ship to each other and to the spectator. Fortel is a natural colorist, and texture when it occurs is specific to the painting and not a cliché. *Woodlawn No. 1*, a formal arrangement of blues and greens and violets, is very good. *Woodlawn No. 3* is more relaxed and spontaneous; the line is present but not obvious, and the form is coherent and controlled. *All That Summer* uses reds, ochers and orange in tight, concentrated clusters of color; the darks are infrequent but dramatic and justified. (Area, Jan. 29-Feb. 18.)—H.D.M.

**Dorothy Tabak:** The ritualistic note is struck once more in these abstract renditions of nature. A forest is not merely a forest but *Forest at Night*, a figure becomes a *Sentinel*, and the other images with their thick scaffolding of jagged blacks, expanses of hot color or drifting masses are equally familiar primitivisms. However, Miss Tabak is a conscientious artist who works hard at her statements—which is a sign of respect for her potential audience. (Carmel, Jan. 29-Feb. 22.)—S.T.

**Leslie Powell:** These oil paintings are efforts to translate the quality of movement into lines and colors. The movement can be that of sound; music is often referred to, as in *Symphony No. 1—Brahms*, in which linear color forms break out of a planar structure to ascend in spiraling points at regular intervals. There is a rigidity about the forms and an evenness of contrast and hue that fix the conception of movement too exactly—make it still. This is not true of a water color, the only one seen. Here the observed movement of waves and boats is visualized. The looser, freer medium does itself move rather than shape a diagram of the movement of some other medium. (Bodley, Feb. 15-27.)—A.V.

**Adele Lemm:** With a professional awareness of the many ways in which a picture can be painted, Miss Lemm challenges the provincial note that creeps into her paintings. Nonetheless, they are marked by a buoyant sense of design and a capacity to resist frivolous color, though her pictures are bright and usually cheerful. *Fisherman's Haven* is an abstract design in orange-pinks and greens, neither too loose nor too tight in the fitting of shapes, while *Lustre Pitcher* employs a patchily realistic style. Color is Miss Lemm's strong note. (Eggleston, Feb. 1-13.)—S.T.

**Clement Weisbecker:** A plodding sort of realistic painter, Weisbecker comes to life in his drawings of animals in the Bronx Zoo. The drawings make up the bulk of the show. The artist has a keen eye for the humor, charm and savage power of these exotic birds and beasts, which he captures in brilliant stylized fashion in conté, pastel and water color and various graphic media. (Burr, Jan. 31-Feb. 13.)—S.T.

**John Fenton:** Elephantine peasants, striding, working, gesturing monumentally in a solemn comic strip, posing in a grandeur of inflation, are appropriately well composed, if prosaically, in ballooning circles and continuing arcs, reminiscent of the work of Cremonini. The banal distortion of the figures, especially that acquired from photographic foreshortening, cancels the acceptance of the paintings which the considered composition begins to induce. (Babcock, Feb. 1-20.)—D.J.

**John Freeman:** Brancusi, Nevelson, Smith and Stankiewicz and probably others have been tastefully absorbed into Freeman's sculptures which are shown in his first New York show. This has considerably lightened the burden of thinking for himself, but not with cheapening results. Here, not without flair, are smoothly polished wood forms or discarded machinery for personages, shafts of steel and wood shaped like stones sculpted by the sea arranged in totemic configurations, and rough

pedestals with extruded dowels to establish the primal seat. Freeman's water colors favor geometric patterns and textures and unfortunately seem like answers to design problems. (Ruth White, Feb. 2-20.)—S.T.

**Bing S. Gee:** The large oil paintings of this show seem to have evolved from the artist's concern with forms that are basic both in nature and in art. His concern with the fundamental is carried into the color as well as the imagery, for the color range is very tight. In *Moon Trap*, for instance, a white disk is superimposed upon two tones of black, their boundary appearing as a slanted horizon. The abstract quality is not geometrical, but indicative, abstracted from. The symbol of the disk occurs in several paintings; sometimes he allows it to expand irregularly and become blurred; again, he will suffuse the disk with color and let the background be white. (Mi Chou, Feb. 2-27.)—G.D.

**Sculpture of the Sudan:** Although the excellence of African sculpture is well known, this display from the Sudan is welcome in its bringing together fine examples of tribal art from a particular region of the Black Continent. Comprising some thirty pieces of wood carving, it contains examples of the main types of ritual carvings used by the people of that region—cult masks, ancestor figures and fertility images. Particularly fine for its sense of form and expressiveness is the large female figure from Bambara, and also the group of Dogon ancestral images with their long, slender, cylindrical bodies. Among the masks, the huge maternity mask from Baja and the Kono elephant heads are the most fascinating. (Frumkin, Feb. 1-29.)—H.M.

**Babette Kornblith:** In her first one-man exhibition this Parisian woman artist shows thinly painted, pale still lifes and landscapes which at times achieve delicate poetic effects but lack strength and originality. (Hammer, Feb. 16-27.) . . . **Anna-Eva Bergman:** This group of small abstract etchings, largely black lines against a green or yellow background sprinkled with gold dust, are technically excellent but suggest little beyond the virtuosity of the artist. (Wittenborn, Jan. 23-Feb. 15.)—H.M.

**Edward John Stevens:** This latest of Stevens' exhibitions of gouaches continues the persistent imagery of ghostly animals and still lifes and exotic scenes for which he is familiar. (Weybe, Feb. 6-Mar. 5.) . . . **David Finn:** The Jawlensky-like *Reflection—Cathy* and the more realistic *Aurora* are the most notable works in this group of heavily textured, softly colored oils. (Harrison Blum, Feb. 8-26.) . . . **Jean Sieben:** Although a variety of stylistic manners run through this uneven exhibition, the artist seems to have come to terms with only one of them in the fully realized Cubistic approach of *Lantern*. (Duncan, Jan. 19-Feb. 5.) . . . **Colleen Clancy, Zelda Zimmerman Estrin:** Miss Clancy's landscapes have a rather simplified charm, but the painting technique and the composition seem to lack control and experience; Miss Estrin exhibits a number of water colors that are inventive in their atmospheric effects and general handling. (Duncan, Feb. 2-15.)—J.R.M.

**Athos Zacharias, Sal Sirugo, David Lund:** Zacharias, the liveliest exhibitor in this three-man show, offers medium-sized oils in as unabashedly current a style as today's newspaper; notable is the smallest oil-on-paper composition. Sirugo covers large canvases with black and white stippled patterning that is hardly distinguishable from wallpaper samples. Lund's canvases, alternately using smears and blurs of color with textures as relief, resemble blowups in color of fossilized insects. (Willard-Lucien, Jan. 22-Feb.

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10.) . . . **John Collins:** In these oils and water colors of Maine, washes of greens, blues and purples and orange are used to depict trees in snow, houses lit by moonlight, all done in a stylistic manner. (Area, Feb. 19-Mar. 11.) . . . **Leon Smith:** In these works, the burden of form is shifted from the surface of the picture to the shape of the canvases themselves. The colors used are mainly primary ones and black and white. The use of round, square, triangular and bone-shaped panels is important to the artist's personal fantasy; in that sense they are like sculpture. (Section 11, Feb. 9-27.)—H.D.M.

**Jack Hofflander:** Haitian primitives are painted by an American who doubly turns the tables in *Haitian Gothic*, painted after Grant Wood, America's pseudo-primitive. (Bodley, Feb. 1-13.) . . . **Carline Judson:** Landscapes and interiors are pulled together Cubistically; of work from several years, *Still Life* (1954) is the most ambitious, most interesting effort. (Bodley, Feb. 15-27.) . . . **Grete Rikko:** An artist of energy and talent shows hot, bright Expressionist landscapes and figures; a present fascination for burlap collage used on canvas with oil generalizes and therefore evades spatial problems she elsewhere shows herself well able to handle—a large yellow and red-pink landscape is a particular instance of her ability. (Bodley, Feb. 8-20.) . . . **Red Grooms:** Like some of his confreres, Grooms is ponderous about frivolities, and the results can be as stiff as the wooden cat in the middle of the gallery floor and as empty as the package of Pall Malls in the pocket of a framed blue-denim work shirt; it's all part of some divertissement, and presumably someone along the way is having fun doing or viewing these mock-ups (participating in them, as they say at headquarters). (Reuben, Jan. 9-28.)—A.V.

**Maxwell Stewart Simpson:** A New Jersey painter, who studied at the National Academy, the Art Students League and also abroad, and in his long career has won many prizes, presents a series of still lifes, landscapes and figures impeccably painted in a well-realized technique which emphasizes the artists' draftsmanship. (Eggleston, Feb. 15-27.) . . . **Jack Hastings:** Crete and Etruria are revisited by this sculptor-archaeologist in a series of metal and terra-cotta pieces, which do not lack a contemporary sensibility. (Barone, Feb. 2-27.) . . . **San Bon Matsu:** A young Japanese artist in his first New York exhibition demonstrates a happy combination of Eastern and Western art traditions; using the Oriental perspective point and the subtlety of cool tones, Bonmatsu re-creates familiar European land- and cityscapes. (F.A.R., Feb. 8-20.) . . . **Hugh Miller:** Bold curves of nudes and animals fill largish rectangular canvases; color is secondary to these divisions of space, which also in some canvases include Cubistic elements. (Carus, Feb. 15-29.) . . . **Helen King:** Abstractions in oil are composed in little bundles of strokes scattered over the canvas. (Pietrantonio, Feb. 1-15.) . . . **John Stoehrer:** Mannerisms typical of the New York school used by this young painter display nonetheless an individual sense of form and of color. (Pietrantonio, Feb. 16-26.) . . . **Janis Gailis:** A Latvian land- and seascape painter who worked for many years in Germany has a tumultuous Expressionistic style associated with that country. (Galerie Internationale, Feb. 1-15.) . . . **Paule Nolens:** A high degree of sophistication and knowledge is displayed in these canvases by a Belgian artist and teacher in her first New York show. (Galerie Internationale, Feb. 16-29.)—B.B.

**William Freed:** Drawings, collages and mixed-media works—all abstract—are conceived in the spirit of one of Freed's titles—*Unknown Forces*—which leads to the employment of drifting planes, graffiti-like signs and masses and shapes furiously worked and earthy in color; spontaneous line

drawings of figures seem controlled in comparison. (James, Feb. 19-Mar. 10.) . . . **James Cuchiara:** Shattered patterns of multicolored strips of paint, falling upon one another like pickets of an old fence, gradually give way to designs covering the entire surface with energy bursting out of a vortex of forms. (Phoenix, Jan. 29-Feb. 11.) . . . **Virginia Livingston:** Water colors of urban scenes seek out unusual angles of vision, resulting in stronger patterns and more expressiveness than can be found in her Post-Impressionist portraits. (Museum of the City of New York, Feb. 3-28.) . . . **Louis R. Glessman:** An art editor of *Holiday* magazine, Glessman creates many spaces with freely conceived optical illusions that reveal an expressionist character in the different accelerations of many provocative patterns. (Angeleski, Dec. 15-31.) . . . **Dorothy Pfleger:** These slightly overcast water colors of sail boats, city scenes and flowers use their opacity to intensify light and shadow in the interests of composition. (Argent, Feb. 15-Mar. 5.) . . . **Purvey Mims:** Monumental heads in stone, one Lehmbruckian bust and a craftsmanlike torso follow classical models in stylized fashion, but Cubist principles inform an abstract work, angularized with force. (Eggleston, Jan. 18-30.) . . . **Hugo Asbach:** The artist lives on an island off the coast of Florida where he paints tropically flavored or exotic canvases by placing identical spots of color side by side. (Kottler, Jan. 25-Feb. 6.) . . . **Frances Dauton:** Successive planes catalyzed by their curving design attract light or are countered by crescent shapes, as in *Chrysalis*, which vaguely resembles a pineapple. (Kottler, Feb. 8-20.) . . . **Manheim Shapiro, Shuler:** Shapiro's abstractions vary from cellular motifs which honeycomb the surface to feathery arrangements of strokes and color consistent with a title like *Collision of Birds*; Shuler seeks a dramatic quality in awkward abstract and representational canvases. (Artzt, Feb. 17-27.) . . . **Santo Sorrentino:** From the few works available for review one gathers that Sorrentino is struggling to give shape to feelings which are most nearly realized in a darkly patterned figure, *Lydia*, where a black line divides the anatomy into richly scumbled areas. (Artzt, Feb. 19-29.) . . . **C. I. Dreisbach, Hans Prehn:** Dreisbach paints calendar views of nature in a hard, bright style, while Prehn's sculptures are proficiently academic in their naturalism. (Burr, Feb. 14-27.) . . . **Lisl Beer:** Inspired by Mussorgski's *Pictures at an Exhibition*, Miss Beer's paintings turn from near-folk-like realism to something between montage and abstraction. (Burr, Feb. 28-Mar. 12.) . . . **Helen Lempriere:** An Australian artist who has studied in Paris, Miss Lempriere creates an exotic style with subject matter taken from the myths and ceremonies of Australian aborigines. (Chase, Jan. 18-30.)—S.T.

**Charles Sorel:** This large show, the artist's third, quite possibly represents the most elaborate collage in existence, all the intricacies of highly detailed still lifes being conveyed solely by unpainted colored papers; the papers are twisted, crumbled, cut, laminated, to the point, even, of simulating impasto, and the glaze of varnish adds to their ability to deceive the eye. (Sagittarius, Jan. 4-16.) . . . **Jan ten Broeke:** Called *Meditations*, the oils of this show are vivid, organic-looking spirals, coils, curls, loops, strings, spurts, etc., achieving at their best a mystic quality. (Crespi, Feb. 15-26.) . . . **Pehr:** The small paintings of this exhibition are of mixed media—gouache, water color, tempera—and seem to focus upon a symbolism which is part dream and part fantasy; there is an arresting awkwardness, and an air of uneasy mystery in the images, which include a witch and three nuns. (Mayer, Feb. 23-Mar. 12.) . . . **Mario Russo:** These somber, sometimes macabre paintings of men and women in carnival

continued on page 69

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### NATIONAL

**Athens, O.:** Ultimate Concerns: Religious Prints and Drawings, Westminster Foundation at Ohio University, March 15-30. Open to all artists. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2. Entry cards due March 1, work due March 7. Write: S. T. Nicolls, Director, Westminster Foundation, 18 N. College, Athens, O.

**Champaign, Ill.:** Newman Foundation 11th Annual Christocentric Arts Festival, University of Illinois, March 27-April 10. Open to all artists. Work must have religious theme. Media: painting, drawing, graphics, sculpture, crafts. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3. Work due March 2. Write: Rosemary Schuster, Newman Foundation, 604 East Armory Ave., Champaign, Ill.

**Clinton, N. J.:** Hunterdon County Art Center 4th National Print Exhibition, March 13-April 24. Open to all artists. All print media except monotype. Jury. Purchase prizes. Entry cards and work due Feb. 27. Write: Hunterdon County Art Center, Clinton, N. J.

**Gloucester, Mass.:** American Religious Art Forum 2nd "Face of Christ" Exhibition, Gloucester Art Galleries, April 11-May 7. Open to all artists. All media. Fee: \$5. Entry cards and work due April 4. Write: Gloucester Art Institute, 22 Western Ave., Gloucester, Mass.

**Hartford, Conn.:** Connecticut Academy of Fine Arts 50th Annual Exhibition. Avery Memorial Galleries, March 5-April 3. Media: oil, tempera, sculpture, graphics, drawings. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$5 (\$4 for black and white). Entry cards and work due Feb. 23. Write: L. J. Fusari, Sec'y., Box 204, Hartford, Conn.

**New Canaan, Conn.:** Silvermine Guild of Artists 3rd Biennial National Print Exhibition, March 13-31. Open to all artists. Media: all print media except monotype. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2 a print, \$1 each additional print. Write: Mrs. Ethel Margolies, Silvermine Guild of Artists, New Canaan, Conn.

**New York, N. Y.:** City Center Gallery Monthly Juried Exhibitions. Medium: oil. Prizes. Work for March exhibition due Feb. 11-12. Write: Ruth Yates, Director, City Center Gallery, 58 W. 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

Foundation for World Literacy Symbol Competition. Open to all artists. Requirements: design in three colors, must measure no less than 6 in., no more than 12 in. in one direction. Jury. Prize: \$500. Work due by March 1, 1960. Write: Mr. John P. Cunningham, Literacy Symbol Competition, 260 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

John Gregory Award Competition, National Sculpture Society. Open to all sculptors under 45 who are citizens of U.S. Prize of \$500 for work executed in the tradition of classic sculpture; portrait heads excluded. Photos due by Apr. 1. Write: National Sculpture Society, 1083 Fifth Ave., New York 28, N. Y.

**Mademoiselle Magazine's 6th Annual Art Contest.** Open to women under 26. All media. Jury. Prizes. At least five samples of creative work due March 1. Write: Art Contest, Mademoiselle, 575 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

National Academy of Design 135th Annual Exhibition, Feb. 25-March 20. Media: oil and sculpture (by nonmembers and members), and water color, print, photographs of architecture and murals (by members only). Jury. Prizes totaling \$12,000. Work due Feb. 11. Write: National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., New York 28, N. Y.

Pulitzer Traveling Scholarship of \$1,500, to be awarded to an art student between 15 and 30 years old who is enrolled in any accredited art school in the United States. A representative body of work in one medium must be submitted for jury consideration. Entry blanks due March 25, work due April 1. Write: Vernon C. Porter, Director, National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., New York 28, N. Y.

**Oklahoma City, Okla.:** Oklahoma Printmakers' Society 2nd National Exhibition—Water Colors, Oklahoma Art Center, April 17-May 15. Open to all artists. Jury. Purchase prizes. Fee: \$3. Entry cards due March 25, work due April 1. Write: Oklahoma Printmakers' Society, c/o Oklahoma City University, Oklahoma City 6, Okla.

**Peoria, Ill.:** Bradley University 8th Annual Print Exhibition, March 8-April 8. Open to all artists. Media: all print media except monotype. Jury. Purchase prizes. Fee: \$3 for two prints. Entry cards due Feb. 23, work due Feb. 28. Write: Art Department, Bradley University, Peoria, Ill.

**Philadelphia, Pa.:** American Color Print Society

21st Annual Exhibition, Print Club, March 7-25. Open to all artists. All color print media. Jury. Fee: \$2.75. Entry cards and work due Feb. 16. Write: Katherine McCormick, 300 West Upsal St., Philadelphia 19, Pa.

**Rochester, N. Y.:** Central Presbyterian Church of Rochester Religious Arts Festival, April 28-May 8. Open to all artists. Media: painting, drawing, print, enamel, mosaic, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Write: Carl F. W. Kaelber, 50 N. Plymouth Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

**San Francisco, Calif.:** California Society of Etchers 45th Annual, California Palace of the Legion of Honor, April 30-May 29. Open to all artists. Media: all print media except monotype. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3 for nonmembers, \$1 for members. Entry cards with fee due March 1, work due March 15. Write: Mrs. Miriam Beall, Sec'y, 700 Goettingen, San Francisco 24, Calif.

Grace Cathedral 2nd Annual "Church Art Today" Exhibition, April 3-May 1. Open to all North American artists. Media: painting, sculpture, stained glass, mosaic, textile, metal craft. Jury. Prizes. Work due March 11 & 12. Write: "Church Art Today," Grace Cathedral, San Francisco 8, Calif.

**Springfield, Mass.:** Springfield Art League Annual Spring Jury Exhibition, George Walter Vincent Smith Art Museum, April 3-May 1. Open to all artists. Media: oil, water color, casein, pastel, gouache, print, drawing, sculpture. Prizes. Fee: \$5 (for nonmembers). Entry cards and work due March 22. Write: Mrs. Muriel LaGasse, 463 Sunrise Terrace, Springfield, Mass.

**Wichita, Kans.:** Wichita Art Association 15th National Decorative Arts-Ceramic Exhibition, April 16-May 21. Open to all American craftsmen. Media: silver, gold, glass, jewelry, ceramics, sculpture, mosaic, enamel, textile. Fee: \$3. Work due March 19. Write: Maude G. Schollenberger, 401 North Belmont, Wichita, Kans.

### REGIONAL

**Edinboro, Pa.:** Pennsylvania Water Color Show Bates Gallery, Edinboro State Teachers College, March 20-April 13. Open to all residents or former residents of Pennsylvania. Jury. Purchase prizes. Fee: \$2. Work due March 12. Write: Mr. Ralph Bruce, Art Exhibition Committee Chairman, State Teachers College, Edinboro Pa.

**Grand Forks, N. D.:** 4th North Dakota Annual, University of North Dakota, March 19-26. Open to artists in N. Dak., S. Dak., Minn., Wisc., and Iowa. Media: oil, water color, drawing, prints, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3. Entry forms and work due March 12. Write: R. A. Nelson, Chairman, Department of Art, University of N. Dak., Grand Forks, N. Dak.

**Hazleton, Pa.:** Hazleton Art League 7th Annual Regional Art Exhibit, March 7-25. Open to artists living within a 50-mile radius of Hazleton. All media except sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Work due Feb. 20 & 21. Write: Regional Art Exhibit, c/o Hazleton Art League, 225 East Broad St., Hazleton, Pa.

**Huntington, N. Y.:** Huntington Township Art League, 5th Annual Long Island Show, Heckscher Museum, March 13-April 3. Open to all residents of Long Island, including Queens and Brooklyn. Media: oil, water color, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3. Work due Feb. 26-28. Write: Huntington Township Art League, Box 351, Huntington, N. Y.

**Louisville, Ky.:** Louisville Art Center Annual Exhibition, J. B. Speed Art Museum, April 1-30. Open to artists living within a 100-mile radius of Louisville and to Kentucky-born artists living elsewhere. Media: painting, sculpture, prints, crafts. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3 for nonmembers. Entry cards due March 14, work due March 18. Write: Art Center Association School, 2111 South First St., Louisville 8, Ky.

**New London, Conn.:** 2nd Competitive All New England Drawing Exhibition, Lyman Allyn Museum, March 6-27. Open to New England-born artists or to those resident in New England at least two months a year. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$1 a drawing. Work due Feb. 23-26. Write: M. Powell, Registrar, Lyman Allyn Museum, New London, Conn.

**Peoria, Ill.:** Central Illinois Valley 10th Annual Exhibition, Peoria Art Center, April 3-30. Open to artists within 100 miles of Peoria. Media: oil, water color. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2. Entry cards due March 20, work due March 25. Write: Peoria Art Center, Glen Oak Pavilion, Peoria, Ill.

**Wichita, Kans.:** 7th Air Capital Annual, Wichita Art Museum, March 13-April 13. Open to all Kansas artists. Media: painting, drawing, print, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2. Entry cards and work due March 5. Write: Wichita Art Museum, 619 Stockman Drive, Wichita 3, Kans.

## IN THE GALLERIES

continued from page 67

costume give the effect of a careful primitivism filtered through early De Chirico; there is a stiff animation, a sense of disappointment and bleakness, rendered in subdued tones with lots of black. (Sagittarius, Jan. 18-30.) . . . **Salvatore Casa:** The abstract quality of the oil paintings of this second one-man show proceeds from the free distortion of pictorial elements. A striking feature is the overlaid and incised pieces of burlap and linen. (Panoras, Feb. 22-Mar. 5.) . . . **Anne Harcourt:** Still lifes, street scenes and landscapes, both in pastels and oils, comprise this Canadian painter's first show in New York; the pastels seem most successful, both in structure and animation. (Sagittarius, Feb. 1-13.) . . .

**Bruno Pasquier-Desvignes:** These airbrush scenes of city streets and buildings effect a decorative combination of the superficial qualities of Pointillism and Cubism. (International, Feb. 1-13.) . . . **Renée Halpern:** The vivid oils of this Polish-born French painter fall into two groups: still-life and garden scenes in which the style intends exuberance and profusion, and abstractions in which the same vivid colors are fragmented and held in an angular stasis. *La Grille Fleurie* is notable. (Van Diemen-Lilienfeld, Feb. 20-Mar. 9.) . . .

**Pachita Crespi, Rudy Melzer:** The title for Crespi's group of oils is *Ticas*, which is an affectionate term for Costa Ricans and is here applied to the various aspects of native life she depicts; the village scenes are rendered in a seriously playful and gently exaggerated way, as if for an interested child—and Crespi, in fact, is well known as an illustrator of children's books. Melzer's oils are vivid and idiosyncratic. (Crespi, Feb. 1-12.) . . . **Jerrold Schoenblum, Paul Shimon:** Shimon's tempera, wax and gouache abstractions bring numerous, richly textured little shapes into an over-all harmony. Schoenblum's open-form abstractions are reminiscent of Ensor in their smoldering modulations of rust, red and orange. (Art Directions, Feb. 22-Mar. 7.) . . .

**Evi Fisk, Ruth Gunshor, Frank Burnham:** Most interesting of Fisk's work are the two female nudes; in each of these the canvas is divided into three large areas, two of them being the bipartite background and the third being the big, homogeneous form of the nude, which is somber and stilted, yet richly textured. Gunshor's abstractions consist of the numerous collisions of little forms, while Burnham's are just the opposite: big, peaceful areas lightly articulated by graded brush strokes. (Arts Center, Feb. 8-22.) . . .

**John Fisher:** The oils of this first one-man show are violent both in attack and in subject; the images, which are seemingly tossed up by the energy of attack, are indicative rather than pictorial, and tend to have a nightmarish quality. (Marino Nighttime Gallery, Feb. 12-Mar. 4.) . . . **Ben Yano:** The wax encaustic of these small paintings is a process Yano himself has developed and patented; the colors are strong, the medium is flexible and has very little glare. Yano's images—frequently portraits and still lifes—hover between the abstract and the pictorial, the chief emphasis being placed upon texture. (Marino, Feb. 5-28.) . . .

**Augustus Goertz:** The earlier of these very large abstractions have the look of fractured stained-glass windows; the tendency of the multi-colored fragments to fly apart is opposed by the heavy black lines. The recent work appears more confident, shows broader strokes and less containment by the black. (Condon Riley, Feb. 16-27.) . . .

**Richard Rutkowski, Frank Taira, Joseph Wrobel:** Taira's heavy impasto, which is somber and very dense, is worked with such intricacy, especially in *Two Horses and a Rider*, that the images are dominated by the excitement of the material. Wrobel paints delicate images of steel mills and the skeletons of skyscrapers in mixed water color and gouache. Rutkowski's water colors are large, rectilinear abstractions. (Arts Center, Jan. 18-Feb. 8.)—G.D.

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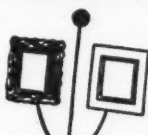
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# CALENDAR OF EXHIBITIONS

## NATIONAL AND FOREIGN

### AKRON, OHIO

ART INSTITUTE, Jan. 16-Feb. 21: Staff Show; Jan. 12-Feb. 14: Ohio Sculptors; through Mar. 6: Permanent Collection

### ALBANY, N. Y.

INSTITUTE OF ART AND HISTORY, Feb.: The Fleischman Collection; The Executive's Ease; Feb. 9-Mar. 6: Marjorie Semerad

### ALBANY, N. Y.

MUSEUM, Feb. 12-Mar. 13: The Engravings of Pieter Bruegel the Elder

### ANN ARBOR, MICH.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN, Feb. 13-Mar. 6: Gandhara Sculpture

### ATHENS, GA.

UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA, Feb. 1-22: A. Patecky; Feb. 23-Mar. 30: L. Dodd

### ATLANTA, GA.

NEW ARTS GALLERY, Feb. 7-26: D. Stuart, Roy Gussow; Feb. 28-Mar. 18: E. Ross

### BALTIMORE, MD.

MUSEUM, Feb. 2-Apr. 3: Honore Daumier; Feb. 2-Mar. 6: Fima; Feb. 28-Mar. 20: 28th Annual

### BELT, WISC.

SCHERMERHORN GALLERY, Jan. 16-Feb. 21: Robert E. Marx

### BELT, WISC.

WRIGHT ART CENTER, Feb. 1-29: Beloit and Vicinity Show

### BETHLEHEM, PA.

LEHIGH UNIVERSITY, Jan. 24-Feb. 20: Galluci, Peirce, Ward; Feb. 28-Mar. 23: Da Vinci, working models of inventions; Feb. 3-Mar. 23: Berman Collection

### BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

MUSEUM, Feb. 12-Mar. 13: Drawings from Latin America

### BOSTON, MASS.

DOLL & RICHARDS, Feb. 15-Mar. 3: Mary Ogden Abbott

### BOSTON, MASS.

HENRI STUDIO GALLERY, Feb.: Monthly Juried Shows

### BOSTON, MASS.

KANEGIS GALLERY, Feb. 1-23: Gabor Peterdi; Feb. 25-Mar. 17: Gilbert Franklin

### BRIGHTON, MASS.

HENRI STUDIO GALLERY, Feb. 6-29: Russell Connors

### BRUNSWICK, GERMANY

HAUS SALVE HOSPEL, Jan. 10-Feb. 21: Kokoschka

### BUFFALO, N. Y.

ALBRIGHT ART GALLERY, Jan. 6-Feb. 14: Hanley Collection

### BURLINGTON, VT.

ROBERT HULL FLEMING MUSEUM, Jan. 8-Mar.: Pioneers in Modern Painting

### CARBONDALE, ILL.

SOUTHERN ILLINOIS UNIVERSITY, Jan. 31-Feb. 19: Some Younger American Painters; Paul Burlin

### CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

UNIVERSITY OF N. C., Feb. 23-Mar. 15: 20th Century American Paintings

### CHICAGO, ILL.

ART INSTITUTE, Jan. 21-Mar. 20: Contemporary Japanese Prints; Dec. 18-Feb. 21: Ray Metzker, photographs

### CHICAGO, ILL.

FEIGEN, to Feb. 27: George Cohen

### HOLLAND-GOLDOWSKY, Jan. 16-Feb. 11:

Michael Goldberg, Alfred Leslie

### CINCINNATI, OHIO

MUSEUM, Feb. 4-Mar. 6: The Laurens Collection

### CLEVELAND, OHIO

WISSE GALLERY, Jan. 10-Feb. 29: Resnick

### CLINTON, N. Y.

HAMILTON COLLEGE, Jan. 4-Feb. 21: 19th Century American Paintings from the Munson-Williams Proctor Institute

### COLOGNE, GERMANY

WALLRAFF-RICHARTZ MUSEUM, Jan. 30-Mar. 19: Jean Lurcat

### COLUMBIA, S. C.

MUSEUM, Feb. 7-28: Betti Bernay; New York Gallery; Feb. 4-25: 4th Hallmark

### COLUMBUS, OHIO

OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY, through Feb. 20: Young British Painters

### GALLERY OF FINE ARTS, Jan. 14-Feb. 18:

Contemporary American Painting

### DALLAS, TEXAS

MUSEUM, Jan. 17-Feb. 14: Southwest Print and Drawing 10th Annual; from Jan. 17: Aristide Maillol

### DAYTON, OHIO

ART INSTITUTE, Jan. 9-Feb. 14: Ulfert Wilkie, Artist as Collector; Feb. 3-28: Bob Vickers; Feb. 21-Mar. 20: Dayton Area Artists

### DENVER, COLO.

MUSEUM, Jan. 27-Mar. 6: Collectors Choice

### DETROIT, MICH.

INSTITUTE OF ARTS, Feb.: 20th Century Sculpture

### DUSSELDORF, GERMANY

KUNSTHALE, Jan.-Feb.: German Artists from the East

### EDINBURGH, PA.

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE, Jan. 31-Feb. 13: W. Davis; Feb. 14-26: Art Faculty; Feb. 28-Mar. 18: C. Berndtson

### GREENSBORO, N. C.

THE WOMAN'S COLLEGE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF N. C., Feb. 1-20: Lou Ann Smith; Feb. 22-26: Joachim Probst; Feb. 22-Mar. 22: Arts Festival Exhibition

### GREENSBORO, N. C.

WESTMORELAND COUNTY MUSEUM, Feb. 9-Mar. 6: Samuel Rosenberg Exhibition

### HAGEN, GERMANY

HAGNAU, Feb. 14-Mar. 13: Italian Artists

### HAMBURG, GERMANY

KUNSTVEREIN, Feb. 5-Mar. 6: deStael

### HEMPSTEAD, N. Y.

HOFSTRA COLLEGE, Feb. 15-26: A.C.A.

### INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

JOHN HERRON MUSEUM, Feb. 14-Mar. 6: Joseph R. Shapiro Collection of Modern Drawings and Water Colors

### JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

MUSEUM, Jan. 23-Feb. 15: Stone Rubbings from Angkor Wat

### KANSAS CITY, MO.

WILLIAM ROCKHILL NELSON GALLERY, Feb. 12-Mar. 13: Old Master Drawings

### KRELFELD, GERMANY

MUSEUM HAUS LANGE, Jan.-Feb.: Heinrich Campendonk

### LA JOLLA, CALIF.

ART CENTER, Jan. 27-Feb. 21: Donald Barthwick; Feb. 24-Mar. 20: M. Vandame

### LONDON, ENGLAND

GIMPEL FILS, Feb.: 19th and 20th Century British and French Painting

### LONG BEACH, CALIF.

MUSEUM, Feb. 7-28: Katherine Conover Nels Nelson; Museum Collection and Group Show

### LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

COUNTY MUSEUM, Feb. 24-Apr. 3: Recent Sculpture U.S.A.

### BERTHA LEWINSON GALLERY, Feb. 1-20:

Morris Broderson

### MUNICIPAL ART GALLERY, Jan. 26-Feb. 14:

Australian Paintings; Jan. 26-Feb. 14: Biennial Acquisitions

### UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA ART GALLERIES, Jan. 24-Mar. 6:

Spanish Masters

### LOUISVILLE, KY.

ART CENTER ASSOCIATION, Jan. 25-Feb. 12: Donald Dodge; Feb. 14-Mar. 4: Darrell Brothers

### SPEED MUSEUM, Feb. 1-22:

Thomas Rowlandson; Feb. 7-28: Seth Eastman; Feb. 8-28: Kaethe Kollwitz; 20th Century German Graphic Art

### MADISON, N. J.

DREW UNIVERSITY, Feb. 7-19: L. P. Korn

### MEMPHIS, TENN.

STATE ART DEPARTMENT, Feb. 1-19: Robert Gelinas; Feb. 5-23: National Association of Women Artists

### MILWAUKEE, WISC.

ART CENTER, Jan. 28-Feb. 28: Joseph Frieberg; Feb. 7-28: German Artists of Today

### MILWAUKEE-DOWNER COLLEGE, Jan. 17-Feb. 28:

Art Faculty Annual

### MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

INSTITUTE OF ARTS, Jan. 20-Feb. 14: Form Givers of Mid-Century

### UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA, Feb. 5-Mar. 21:

Michael Goldberg; Feb. 5-Mar. 4: Collector's 2nd Annual; Feb. 11-Mar. 21: Road Collection

### MONTCLAIR, N. J.

MUSEUM, Jan. 17-Feb. 21: The American Line; Jan. 17-Feb. 14: James McBey; Feb. 14-Mar. 6: Kaleidoscope

### MONTGOMERY, ALA.

MUSEUM, Feb. 1-27: Mary Janice Thornton

### MONTREAL, CANADA

MUSEUM, Jan. 19-Feb. 21: A Century of Collecting European Masters in Canada

### NEWARK, N. J.

MUSEUM, Jan. 21-Feb. 28: Recent Acquisitions; from Jan. 19: Japanese Prints

### NEW LONDON, CONN.

LYMAN ALLYN MUSEUM, Feb. 14-Mar. 1: Art of the Middle Ages; Hugh Townley

### NORTHFIELD, MINN.

CARLETON COLLEGE, Jan. 16-Feb. 14: German Artists Today; Great European Printmakers

### OKLAND, CALIF.

MUSEUM, Jan. 16-Feb. 10: California Painter's Annual

### OMAHA, NEB.

JOSLYN ART MUSEUM, Feb. 11-Mar. 27: 6th Midwest Biennial

### PARIS, FRANCE

GALERIE RAYMOND DUNCAN, Feb.: Print de N. Y., 100 French Painters

### GALERIE DAVID ET GARNIER, Feb. 5-Mar. 12:

Bernard Buffet

### GALERIE DE FRANCE, Feb.: Robert Muller

GALERIE JEANNE BUCHER, Feb.: Pagans

### GALERIE DE L'INSTITUTE, to Feb. 12:

Costi

### PASADENA, CALIF.

MUSEUM, Feb. 7-Mar. 9: Mark Tobey; Feb. 28-Apr. 3: 2nd Print Biennial

### PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY, Jan. 22-Feb. 28: 155th Annual

### ART ALLIANCE, Jan. 28-Feb. 21:

Artists Writers; Kenneth Evett; Feb. 3-28: Elaine Dubrow; Feb. 4-24: John Hultberg

### CARL SCHURZ FOUNDATION, Feb. 15-Mar. 31:

Alfred Van Loen

### THE LITTLE GALLERY, Feb.: Contemporary

American and French Paintings

### MUSEUM, Dec. 17-Feb. 14:

Courbet Loan

### THE PRINT CLUB, Feb.: Woodcut and

Wood Engraving Annual

### WOODMERE ART GALLERY, Feb. 7-28:

Henry Pitt; Woodmere Prize Winners

### PHOENIX, ARIZ.

MUSEUM, Feb.: Philip Curtis; Ben Goddard; Robert Andrew Parker; Collector's Choice

### 1,000 Years of Chinese Painting; Lewi

J. Ruskin Collection



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